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THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EAGLETS IN THE CITY.

AFTER having once accepted Master Gottfried, Ebbo froze towards him and Dame Johanna no more, save that a naturally imperious temper now and then led to fitful stiffnesses and momentary haughtinesses, which were easily excused in one so new to the world and afraid of compromising his rank. In general he could afford to enjoy himself with a zest as hearty as that of the simpler-minded Friedel.

They were early afoot, but not before the heads of the household were pouring forth for the morning devotions at the cathedral; and the streets were stirring into activity, and becoming so peopled that the boys supposed that it was a great fair day. They had never seen so many people together except at the Friedmund-wake, and it was several days before they ceased to exclaim at every passenger as a new curiosity.

The "Dome Kirk" awed and hushed them. They had looked to it so long that perhaps no sublunary thing could have realized their expectations, and Friedel avowed that he did not know what he thought of it. It was not such as he had dreamt, and, like a German as he was, he added that he could not think, he could only feel, that there was something ineffable in it; yet he was

almost disappointed to find his visions unfulfilled, and the hues of the painted glass less pure and translucent than those of the ice crystals on the mountains. However, after his eye had become trained, the deep influence of its dim solemn majesty, and of the echoes of its organ tones and chants of high praise or earnest prayer, began to enchain his spirit; and, if ever he were missing, he was sure to be found among the mysteries of the cathedral aisles, generally with Ebbo, who felt the spell of the same grave fascination, since whatever was true of the one brother was generally true of the other. They were essentially alike, though some phases of character and taste were more developed in the one or the other.

Master Gottfried was much edified by their perfect knowledge of the names and numbers of his books. They instantly, almost resentfully, missed the Cicero's Offices that he had parted with, and joyfully hailed his new acquisitions, often sitting with heads together over the same book, reading like active-minded youths who were used to out-of-door life and exercise in superabundant measure, and to study as a valued recreation, with only food enough for the intellect to awaken instead of satisfying it.

They were delighted to obtain instruction from a travelling student, then attending the schools of Ulm—a meek timid lad who, for love of learning and

desire of the priesthood, had endured frightful tyranny from the Bacchanten or elder scholars, and, having at length attained that rank, had so little heart to retaliate on the juniors that his contemporaries despised him, and led him a cruel life, until he obtained food and shelter from Master Gottfried at the pleasant cost of lessons to the young barons. Poor Bastien! this land of quiet, civility and books was a foretaste of Paradise to him after the hard living, barbarity, and coarse vices of his comrades, of whom he now and then disclosed traits that made his present pupils long to give battle to the big shaggy youths who used to send out the lesser lads to beg and steal for them, and cruelly maltreated such as failed in the quest.

Lessons in music and singing were gladly accepted by both lads, and from their uncle's carving they could not keep their hands. Ebbo had begun by enjoining Friedel to remember that the work that had been sport in the mountains would be basely mechanical in the city, and Friedel as usual yielded his private tastes; but on the second day Ebbo himself was discovered in the workshop, watching the magic touch of the deft workman, and he was soon so enticed by the perfect appliances as to take tool in hand and prove himself not unadroit in the craft. Friedel, however, excelled in delicacy of touch and grace and originality of conception, and produced such workmanship that Master Gottfried could not help stroking his hair and telling him it was a pity he was not born to belong to the guild.

"I cannot spare him, sir," cried Ebbo; "priest, scholar, minstrel, artist—all want him."

"What, Hans of all streets, Ebbo?" interrupted Friedel.

"And guildmaster of none," said Ebbo, "save as a warrior; the rest only enough for a gentleman! For what I am thou must be!"

Yet Ebbo did not find fault with the skill Friedel was bestowing on his work—a carving in wood of a dove brooding over two young eagles—the device that

both were resolved to assume. When their mother asked what their lady-loves would say to this, Ebbo looked up and with the fullest conviction in his lustrous eyes declared that no love should ever rival his mothering in his heart. For truly her tender sweetness had given her sons' affection a touch of romance, for which Master Gottfried liked them the better, though his wife thought their familiarity with her hardly accordant with the patriarchal discipline of the citizens.

The youths held aloof from these burghers, for Master Gottfried wisely desired to give them time to be tamed before running risk of offence, either to or by their wild shy pride; and their mother contrived to time their meetings with her old companions when her sons were otherwise occupied. Master Gottfried made it known that the marriage portion he had designed for his niece had been entrusted to a merchant trading in peltry to Muscovy, and the sum thus realized was larger than any bride had yet brought to Adlerstein. Master Gottfried would have liked to continue the same profitable speculations with it; but this would have been beyond the young baron's endurance, and his eyes sparkled when his mother spoke of repairing the castle, refitting the chapel, having a resident chaplain, cultivating more land, increasing the scanty stock of cattle, and attempting the improvements hitherto prevented by lack of means. He fervently declared that the motherling was more than equal to the wise spinning Queen Bertha of legend and lay; and the first pleasant sense of wealth came in the acquisition of horses, weapons, and braveries. In his original mood, Ebbo would rather have stood before the Diet in his home-spun blue than have figured in cloth of gold at a burgher's expense; but he had learned to love his uncle, he regarded the marriage portion as family property, and moreover, he sorely longed to feel himself and his brother well mounted, and scarcely less to see his mother in a velvet gown.

Here was his chief point of sympathy

with the housemother, who, herself precluded from wearing miniver, velvet, or pearls, longed to deck her niece therewith, in time to receive Sir Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss, who had promised to meet his godsons at Ulm. The knight's marriage had lasted only a few years, and had left him no surviving children except one little daughter, whom he had placed in a nunnery at Ulm, under the care of her mother's sister. His lands lay higher up the Danube, and he was expected at Ulm shortly before the Emperor's arrival. He had been chiefly in Flanders with the King of the Romans, and had only returned to Germany when the Netherlanders had refused the regency of Maximilian, and driven him out of their country, depriving him of the custody of his children.

Pfingsttag, or Pentecost day, was the occasion of Christina's first full toilette, and never was bride more solicitously or exultingly arrayed than she, while one boy held the mirror and the other criticised and admired as the aunt adjusted the pearl-bordered coif and long white veil floating over the long-desired black velvet dress. How the two lads admired and gazed, caring far less for their own new and noble attire! Friedel was indeed somewhat concerned that the sword by his side was so much handsomer than that which Ebbo wore, and which, for all its dinted scabbard and battered hilt, he was resolved never to discard.

It was a festival of brilliant joy. Wreaths of flowers hung from the windows; rich tapestries decked the Dome Kirk, and the relics were displayed in shrines of wonderful costliness of material and beauty of workmanship; little birds, with thin cakes fastened to their feet, were let loose to fly about the church, in strange allusion to the event of the day; the clergy wore their most gorgeous robes; and the exulting music of the mass echoed from the vaults of the long-drawn aisles, and brought a rapt look of deep calm ecstasy over Friedel's sensitive features. The beggars evidently considered a festival as a harvest-day, and crowded round the doors of the

cathedral. As the Lady of Adlerstein came out leaning on Ebbo's arm, with Friedel on her other side, they evidently attracted the notice of a woman whose thin brown face looked the darker for the striped red and yellow silk kerchief that bound the dark locks round her brow, as, holding out a beringed hand, she fastened her glittering jet black eyes on them, and exclaimed, "Alms! if the fair dame and knightly Junkern would hear what fate has in store for them."

"We meddle not with the future, I thank thee," said Christina, seeing that her sons, to whom gipsies were an amazing novelty, were in extreme surprise at the fortune-telling proposal.

"Yet could I tell much, lady," said the woman, still standing in the way. "What would some here present give to know that the locks that were shrouded by the widow's veil ere ever they wore the matron's coif shall yet return to the coif once more?"

Ebbo gave a sudden start of dismay and passion; his mother held him fast. "Push on, Ebbo mine; heed her not; she is a mere Bohemian."

"But how knew she your history, mother?" asked Friedel, eagerly.

"That might be easily learnt at our wake," began Christina; but her steps were checked by a call from Master Gottfried just behind, "Frau Freiherrinn, Junkern, not so fast. Here is your noble kinsman."

A tall, fine-looking person, in the long rich robe worn on peaceful occasions, stood forth, doffing his eagle-plumed bonnet, and, as the lady turned and courtesied low, he put his knee to the ground and kissed her hand, saying, "Well met, noble dame; I felt certain that I knew you when I beheld you in the Dom."

"He was gazing at her all the time," whispered Ebbo to his brother; while their mother, blushing, replied, "You do me too much honour, Herr Freiherr."

"Once seen, never to be forgotten," was the courteous answer; "and truly, but for the stately height of these my godsons, I would not believe how long since our meeting was."

Thereupon, in true German fashion, Sir Kasimir embraced each youth in the open street, and then, removing his long embroidered Spanish glove, he offered his hand, or rather the tips of his fingers, to lead the Frau Christina home.

Master Sorel had invited him to become his guest at a very elaborate ornamental festival meal in honour of the great holiday, at which were to be present several wealthy citizens with their wives and families, old connexions of the Sorel family. Ebbo had resolved upon treating them with courteous reserve and distance; but he was surprised to find his cousin of Wildschloss comporting himself among the burgomasters and their dames as freely as though they had been his equals, and to see that they took such demeanour as perfectly natural. Quick to perceive, the boy gathered that the gulf between noble and burgher was so great that no intimacy could bridge it over, no reserve widen it, and that his own bashful hauteur was almost a sign that he knew that the gulf had been passed by his own parents; but shame and consciousness did not enable him to alter his manner, but rather added to its stiffness.

"The Junker is like an Englishman," said Sir Kasimir, who had met many of the exiles of the Roses at the court of Mary of Burgundy; and then he turned to discuss with the guildmasters the interruption to trade caused by Flemish jealousies.

After the lengthy meal, the tables were removed, the long gallery was occupied by musicians, and Master Gottfried crossed the hall to tell his eldest grandnephew that to him he should depute the opening of the dance with the handsome bride of the Rathsherr, Ulrich Bürger. Ebbo blushed up to the eyes, and muttered that he prayed his uncle to excuse him.

"So!" said the old citizen, really displeased; "thy kinsman might have proved to thee that it is no derogation of thy lordly dignity. I have been patient with thee, but thy pride passes——"

"Sir," interposed Friedel hastily, raising his sweet candid face with a

look between shame and merriment, "it is not that, but you forget what poor mountaineers we are. Never did we tread a measure save now and then with our mother on a winter evening, and we know no more than a chamois of your intricate measures."

Master Gottfried looked perplexed, for these dances were matters of great punctilio. It was but seven years since the Lord of Praunstein had defied the whole city of Frankfort because a damsel of that place had refused to dance with one of his cousins; and, though "Fist-right" and letters of challenge had been made illegal, yet the whole city of Ulm would have resented the affront put on it by the young lord of Adlerstein. Happily the Freiherr of Adlerstein Wildschloss was at hand. "Herr Burgomaster," he said, "let me commence the dance with your fair lady niece. By your testimony," he added, smiling to the youths, "she can tread a measure. And, after marking us," he added, smiling to the boys, "you may try your success with the Rathsherrinn."

Christina would gladly have transferred her noble partner to the Rathsherrinn, but she feared to mortify her good uncle and aunt further, and consented to figure alone with Sir Kasimir in one of the majestic graceful dances performed by a single couple before a gazing assembly. So she let him lead her to her place, and they bowed and bent, swept past one another, and moved in interlacing lines and curves, with a grand slow movement that displayed her quiet grace, and his stately port and courtly air.

"Is it not beautiful to see the motherling?" said Friedel to his brother; "she sails like a white cloud in a soft wind. And he stands grand as a stag at gaze."

"Like a malapert peacock, say I," returned Ebbo; "didst not see, Friedel, how he kept his eyes on her in church? My uncle says the Bohemians are mere deceivers. Depend on it the woman had spied his insolent looks when she made her ribald prediction."

"See," said Friedel, who had been watching the steps rather than attend-

ing, "it will be easy to dance it now. It is a figure my mother once tried to teach us. I remember it now."

"Then go and do it, since better may not be."

"Nay, but it should be thou."

"Who will know which of us it is? I hated his presumption too much to mark his antics."

Friedel came forward, and the substitution was undetected by all save their mother and uncle; by the latter only because, addressing Ebbo, he received a reply in a tone such as Friedel never used.

Natural grace, quickness of ear and eye, and a skilful partner, rendered Friedel's so fair a performance that he ventured on sending his brother to attend the counsellor with wine and comfits; while he in his own person performed another dance with the city dame next in pretension, and their mother was amused by Sir Kasimir's remark, that her second son danced better than the elder, but both must learn.

The remark displeased Ebbo. In his isolated castle he knew no superior, and his nature might yield willingly, but rebelled at being put down. His brother was his perfect equal in all mental and bodily attributes, but it was the absence of all self-assertion that made Ebbo so often give him the preference; it was his mother's tender meekness in which lay her power with him; and, if he yielded to Gottfried Sorel's wisdom and experience, it was with the inward consciousness of voluntary deference to one of lower rank. But here was Wildschloss, of the same noble blood with himself, his elder, his sponsor, his protector, with every right to direct him, so that there was no choice between grateful docility and headstrong folly. If the fellow had been old, weak, or in any way inferior, it would have been more bearable; but he was a tried warrior, a sage counsellor, in the prime vigour of manhood, and with a kindly reasonable authority to which only a fool could fail to attend, and which for that very reason chafed Ebbo excessively.

Moreover, there was the gipsy prophecy ever rankling in the lad's heart, and embittering to him the sight of every civility from his kinsman to his mother. Sir Kasimir lodged at a neighbouring hostel; but he spent much time with his cousins, and tried to make them friends with his squire, Count Rudiger. A great offence to Ebbo was, however, the criticisms of both knight and squire on the bearing of the young barons in military exercises. Truly, with no instructor but the rough Lanzknecht Heinz, they must, as Friedel said, have been born paladins to have equalled youths whose life had been spent in chivalrous training.

"See us in a downright fight," said Ebbo; "we could strike as hard as any courtly minion."

"As hard, but scarce as dextrously," said Friedel, "and be called for our pains the wild mountaineers. I heard the men-at-arms saying I sat my horse as though it were always going up or down a precipice; and Master Schmidt went into his shop the other day shrugging his shoulders, and saying we hailed one another across the city as if we thought Ulm was a mountain full of gemsbocks."

"Thou heardest! and didst not cast his insolence in his teeth?" cried Ebbo.

"How could I," laughed Friedel, "when the echo was casting back in my teeth my own shout to thee across the market-place? I could only laugh with Rudiger."

"The chief delight I could have, next to getting home, would be to lay that fellow Rudiger on his back in the tilt yard," said Ebbo.

But, as Rudiger was by four years his senior, and very expert, the upshot of these encounters was quite otherwise, and the young gentlemen were disabused of the notion that fighting came by nature, and found that, if they desired success in a serious conflict, they must practise diligently in the city tilt yard, where young men were trained to arms. The crossbow was the only weapon with which they excelled; and, as shooting was a favorite exercise with the burghers,

their proficiency was not as exclusive as had seemed to Ebbo a baronial privilege. Harquebuses were novelties to them, and they despised them as burgher weapons, in spite of Sir Kasimir's assurance that firearms were a great subject of study and interest to the King of the Romans. The name of this personage was, it may be feared, highly distasteful to the Freiherr von Adlerstein, both as Wildschloss's model of knightly perfection, and as one who claimed submission from his haughty spirit. When Sir Kasimir spoke to him on the subject of giving his allegiance, he stiffly replied, "Sir, that is a question for ripe consideration."

"It is the question," said Wildschloss, rather more lightly than agreed with the baron's dignity, "whether you like to have your castle pulled down about your ears."

"That has never happened yet to Adlerstein!" said Ebbo, proudly.

"No, because since the days of the Hohenstaufen there has been neither rule nor union in the empire. But times are changing fast, my Junker, and within the last ten years forty castles such as yours have been consumed by the Swabian League, as though they were so many walnuts."

"The shell of Adlerstein was too hard for them, though. They never tried."

"And wherefore, friend Eberhard? It was because I represented to the Kaiser and the Graf von Wurtemberg that little profit and no glory would accrue from attacking a crag full of women and babes, and that I, having the honour to be your next heir, should prefer having the castle untouched, and under the peace of the empire, so long as that peace was kept. When you should come to years of discretion, then it would be for you to carry out the intention wherewith your father and grandfather left home."

"Then we have been protected by the peace of the empire all this time?" said Friedel, while Ebbo looked as if the notion were hard of digestion.

"Even so; and, had you not freely

and nobly released your Genoese merchant, it had gone hard with Adlerstein."

"Could Adlerstein be taken?" demanded Ebbo triumphantly.

"Your grandmother thought not," said Sir Kasimir, with a shade of irony in his tone. "It would be a troublesome siege; but the League numbers 1,500 horse, and 9,000 foot, and, with Schlangewald's concurrence, you would be assuredly starved out."

Ebbo was so much the more stimulated to take his chance, and do nothing on compulsion; but Friedel put in the question to what the oaths would bind him.

"Only to aid the Emperor with sword and counsel in field or Diet, and thereby win fame and honour such as can scarce be gained by carrying prey to yon eagle roost."

"One may preserve one's independence without robbery," said Ebbo, coldly.

"Nay, lad; did you ever hear of a wolf that could live without marauding? or if he tried, would he get credit for so doing?"

"After all," said Friedel, "does not the present agreement hold till we are of age? I suppose the Swabian League would attempt nothing against minors, unless we break the peace?"

"Probably not; I will do my utmost to give the Freiherr there time to grow beyond his grandmother's maxims," said Wildschloss. "If Schlangewald do not meddle in the matter, he may have the next five years to decide whether Adlerstein can hold out against all Germany."

"Freiherr Kasimir von Adlerstein Wildschloss," said Eberhard, turning solemnly on him, "I do you to wit once for all that threats will not serve with me. If I submit, it will be because I am convinced it is right. Otherwise we had rather both be buried in the ruins of our castle, as its last free lords."

"So!" said the provoking kinsman; "such burials look grim when the time comes, but happily it is not coming yet!"

Meantime, as Ebbo said to Friedel, how much might happen—a disruption

of the empire, a crusade against the Turks, a war in Italy, some grand means of making the Diet value the sword of a free baron, without chaining him down to gratify the greed of hungry Austria. If only Wildschloss could be shaken off! But he only became constantly more friendly and intrusive, almost paternal. No wonder, when the mother and her uncle made him so welcome, and were so intolerably grateful for his impertinent interference, while even Friedel confessed the reasonableness of his counsels, as if that were not the very sting of them.

He even asked leave to bring his little daughter Thekla from her convent to see the lady of Adlerstein. She was a pretty, flaxen-haired maiden of five years old, in a round cap, and long narrow frock, with a little cross at the neck. She had never seen any one beyond the walls of the nunnery; and, when her father took her from the lay sister's arms, and carried her to the gallery, where sat Hausfrau Johanna, in dark green, slashed with cherry colour, Master Gottfried, in sober crimson, with gold medal and chain, Freiherrin Christina, in silver-broidered black, and the two Junkern stood near in the shining mail in which they were going to the tilt yard, she turned her head in terror, struggled with her scarce known father, and shrieked for Sister Grethel.

"It was all too sheen," she sobbed, in the lay sister's arms; "she did not want to be in Paradise yet, among the saints! O! take her back! The two bright, holy Michaels would let her go, for indeed she had made but one mistake in her Ave."

Vain was the attempt to make her lift her face from the black serge shoulder where she had hidden it. Sister Grethel coaxed and scolded, Sir Kasimir reprov'd, the housemother offered comfits, and Christina's soft voice was worst of all, for the child, probably taking her for Our Lady herself, began to gasp forth a general confession. "I never will do so again! Yes, it was a fib, but Mother Hildegard gave me a bit of marchpane not to tell—" Here the lay sister took strong measures for

closing the little mouth, and Christina drew back, recommending that the child should be left gradually to discover their terrestrial nature. Ebbo had looked on with extreme disgust, trying to hurry Friedel, who had delayed to trace some lines for his mother on her broi'dery pattern. In passing the step where Grethel sat with Thekla on her lap, the clank of their armour caused the up-lifting of the little flaxen head, and two wide blue eyes looked over Grethel's shoulder, and met Friedel's sunny glance. He smiled; she laughed back again. He held out his arms, and, though his hands were gauntleted, she let him lift her up, and curiously smoothed and patted his cheek, as if he had been a strange animal.

"You have no wings," she said. "Are you St. George, or St. Michael?"

"Neither the one nor the other, pretty one. Only your poor cousin Friedel von Adlerstein, and here is Ebbo, my brother."

It was not in Ebbo's nature not to smile encouragement at the fair little face, with its wistful look. He drew off his glove to caress her silken hair, and for a few minutes she was played with by the two brothers like a newly-invented toy, receiving their attentions with pretty half-frightened graciousness, until Count Rudiger hastened in to summon them, and Friedel placed her on his mother's knee, where she speedily became perfectly happy, and at ease.

Her extreme delight, when towards evening the Junkern returned, was flattering even to Ebbo; and, when it was time for her to be taken home, she made strong resistance, clinging fast to Christina, with screams and struggles. To the lady's promise of coming to see her she replied, "Friedel and Ebbo, too," and, receiving no response to this request, she burst out, "Then I won't come! I am the Freiherrinn Thekla, the heiress of Adlerstein Wildschloss and Felsenbach. I won't be a nun. I'll be married! You shall be my husband," and she made a dart at the nearest youth, who happened to be Ebbo.

"Ay, ay, you shall have him. He

will come for you, sweetest Fraulein," said the perplexed Grethel, "so only you will come home! Nobody will come for you if you are naughty."

"Will you come if I am good?" said the spoilt cloister pet, clinging tight to Ebbo.

"Yes," said her father, as she still resisted, "come back, my child, and one day shall you see Ebbo, and have him for a brother."

Thereat Ebbo shook off the little grasping fingers, almost as if they had belonged to a noxious insect.

"The matron's coif should succeed the widow's veil." He might talk with scholarly contempt of the new race of Bohemian impostors; but there was no forgetting that sentence. And in like manner, though his grandmother's allegation that his mother had been bent on captivating Sir Kasimir in that single interview at Adlerstein, had always seemed to him the most preposterous of all Kunigunde's forms of outrage, the recollection would recur to him; and he could have found it in his heart to wish that his mother had never heard of the old lady's designs as to the oubliette. He did most sincerely wish Master Gottfried had never let Wildschloss know of the mode in which his life had been saved. Yet, while it would have seemed to him profane to breathe even to Friedel the true secret of his repugnance to this meddlesome kinsman, it was absolutely impossible to avoid his most distasteful authority and patronage.

And the mother herself was gently, thankfully happy and unsuspecting, basking in the tender home affection of which she had so long been deprived, proud of her sons, and, though anxious as to Ebbo's decision, with a quiet trust in his foundation of principle, and above all trusting to prayer.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE.

ONE summer evening, when shooting at a bird on a pole was in full exercise in the tilt yard, the sports were interrupted

by a message from the Provost that a harbinger had brought tidings that the Imperial court was within a day's journey.

All was preparation. Fresh sand had to be strewn on the arena. New tapestry hangings were to deck the galleries, the houses and balconies to be brave with drapery, the fountain in the market-place was to play Rhine wine, all Ulm was astir to do honour to itself and to the Kaiser, and Ebbo stood amid all the bustle, drawing lines in the sand with the stock of his arblast, subject to all that oppressive self-magnification so frequent in early youth, and which made it seem to him as if the Kaiser and the King of the Romans were coming to Ulm with the mere purpose of destroying his independence, and as if the eyes of all Germany were watching for his humiliation.

"See! see!" suddenly exclaimed Friedel; "Look! there is something among the tracery of the Dome Kirk Tower. Is it man or bird?"

"Bird, folly! Thou couldst see no bird less than an eagle from hence," said Ebbo. "No doubt they are about to hoist a banner."

"That is not their wont," returned Sir Kasimir.

"I see him," interrupted Ebbo. "Nay, but he is a bold climber! We went up to that stage, close to the balcony, but there's no footing beyond but crockets and canopies."

"And a bit of rotten scaffold," added Friedel. "Perhaps he is a builder going to examine it! Up higher, higher!"

"A builder!" said Ebbo; "a man with a head and foot like that should be a chamois hunter! Shouldst thou deem it worse than the Red Eyrie, Friedel?"

"Yea, truly! The depth beneath is plainer! There would be no climbing there without——"

"Without what, cousin?" asked Wildschloss.

"Without great cause," said Friedel. "It is fearful! He is like a fly against sky."

"Beaten again!" muttered Ebbo; "I did think that none of these town-bred

fellows could surpass us when it came to a giddy height! Who can he be?"

"Look! look!" burst out Friedel, "The saints protect him! He is on that narrowest topmost ledge—measuring; his heel is over the parapet—half his foot!"

"Holding on by the rotten scaffold pole! St. Barbara be his speed; but he is a brave man!" shouted Ebbo; "Oh! the pole has broken."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Wildschloss, with despair on his face unseen by the boys, for Friedel had hidden his eyes, and Ebbo was straining his with the intense gaze of horror. He had carried his glance downwards, following the 380 feet fall that must be the lot of the adventurer. Then looking up again he shouted, "I see him! I see him! Praise to St. Barbara! He is safe! He has caught by the upright stone work."

"Where? where? Show me!" cried Wildschloss, grasping Ebbo's arm.

"There! clinging to that upright bit of tracery, stretching his foot out to yonder crocket."

"I cannot see. Mine eyes swim and dazzle," said Wildschloss. "Merciful heavens! is this another tempting of Providence? How is it with him now, Ebbo?"

"Swarming down another slender bit of the stone network. It must be easy now to one who could keep head and hand steady in such a shock."

"There!" added Friedel, after a breathless space, "he is on the lower parapet, whence begins the stair. Do you know him, sir? Who is he?"

"Either a Venetian mountebank," said Wildschloss, "or else there is only one man I know of either so foolhardy or so steady of head."

"Be he who he may," said Ebbo, "he is the bravest man that ever I beheld. Who is he, Sir Kasimir?"

"An eagle of higher flight than ours, no doubt," said Wildschloss. "But come; we shall reach the Dome Kirk by the time the climber has wound his way down the turret stairs, and we shall see what like he is."

Their coming was well timed, for a

small door at the foot of the tower was just opening to give exit to a very tall knight, in one of those short Spanish cloaks the collar of which could be raised so as to conceal the face. He looked to the right and left, and had had one hand raised to put up the collar when he recognised Sir Kasimir, and, holding out both hands, exclaimed, "Ha, Adlerstein! well met! I looked to see thee here. No unbonneting; I am not come yet. I am at Strasburg, with the Kaiser, and the Archduke, and am not here till we ride in, in purple and in pall by the time the good folk have hung out their arras, and donned their gold chains, and conned their speeches, and mounted their mules."

"Well that their speeches are not over the lykewake of his kingly kaisarish highness," gravely returned Sir Kasimir.

"Ha! Thou sawest? I came out here to avoid the gaping throng, who don't know what a hunter can do. I have been in worse case in the Tyrol. Snowdrifts are worse footing than stone vine leaves."

"Where abides your highness?" asked Wildschloss.

"I ride back again to the halting-place for the night, and meet my father in time to do my part in the pageant. I was sick of the addresses, and, moreover, the purse-proud Flemings have made such a stiff little fop of my poor boy that I am ashamed to look at him, or hear his French accent. So I rode off to get a view of this notable Dom in peace, ere it be bedizened in holiday garb; and one can't stir without all the Chapter waddling after one."

"Your highness has found means of distancing them."

"Why, truly, the Prior would scarce delight in the view from yonder parapet," laughed his highness. "Ha! Adlerstein, where didst get such a perfect pair of pages? I would I could match my hounds as well."

"They are no pages of mine, so please you," said the knight; "rather this is the head of my name. Let me present to your kingly highness the Freiherr von Adlerstein."

"Thou dost not thyself distinguish

between them!" said Maximilian, as Friedmund stepped back, putting forward Eberhard, whose bright, lively smile of interest and admiration had been the cause of his cousin's mistake. They would have doffed their caps and bent the knee, but were hastily checked by Maximilian. "No, no, Junkern, I shall owe you no thanks for bringing all the street on me!—that's enough. Reserve the rest for Kaiser Fritz." Then, familiarly taking Sir Kasimir's arm, he walked on, saying, "I remember now. Thou wentest after an inheritance from the old Mouser of the Debateable Ford, and wert ousted by a couple of lusty boys sprung of a peasant wedlock."

"Nay, my lord, of a burgher lady, fair as she is wise and virtuous; who, spite of all hindrances, has bred up these youths in all good and noble nurture."

"Is this so?" said the king, turning sharp round on the twins. "Are ye minded to quit freebooting, and come a crusading against the Turks with me?"

"Everywhere with such a leader!" enthusiastically exclaimed Ebbo.

"What? up there?" said Maximilian, smiling. "Thou hast the tread of a chamois-hunter."

"Friedel has been on the Red Eyrie," exclaimed Ebbo; then, thinking he had spoken foolishly, he coloured.

"Which is the Red Eyrie?" good-humouredly asked the king.

"It is the crag above our castle," said Friedel, modestly.

"None other has been there," added Ebbo, perceiving his auditor's interest; "but he saw the eagle flying away with a poor widow's kid, and the sight must have given him wings, for we never could find the same path; but here is one of the feathers he brought down"—taking off his cap so as to show a feather rather the worse for wear, and sheltered behind a fresher one.

"Nay," said Friedel, "thou shouldst say that I came to a ledge where I had like to have stayed all night, but that ye all came out with men and ropes."

"We know what such a case is!" said the king. "It has chanced to us to hang between heaven and earth; I've

even had the Holy Sacrament held up for my last pious gaze by those who gave me up for lost on the mountain side. Adlerstein? The peak above the Braunwasser? Some day shall ye show me this eyrie of yours, and we will see whether we can amaze our cousins the eagles. We see you at our father's court to-morrow?" he graciously added, and Ebbo gave a ready bow of acquiescence.

"There," said the king, as after their dismissal he walked on with Sir Kasimir, "never blame me for rashness and imprudence. Here has this height of the steeple proved the height of policy. It has made a loyal subject of a Mouser on the spot."

"Pray Heaven it may have won a heart, true, though proud!" said Wildschloss; "but mousing was cured before by the wise training of the mother. Your highness will have taken out the sting of submission, and you will scarce find more faithful subjects."

"How old are the Junkern?"

"Some sixteen years, your highness,"

"That is what living among mountains does for a lad. Why could not those thrice-accursed Flemish towns let me breed up my boy to be good for something in the mountains, instead of getting duck-footed and muddy-witted in the fens?"

In the meantime Ebbo and Friedel were returning home in that sort of passion of enthusiasm that ingenuous boyhood feels when first brought into contact with greatness or brilliant qualities.

And brilliance was the striking point in Maximilian. The Last of the Knights, in spite of his many defects, was, by personal qualities, and the hereditary influence of long-descended rank, verily a king of men in aspect and demeanor, even when most careless and simple. He was at this time¹ a year or two past thirty, unusually tall, and with a form at once majestic and full of vigour and activity; a noble, fair, though sunburnt countenance; eyes of dark grey, almost

¹ By an oversight Maximilian is spoken of in the first chapter as already grown up and king of the Romans. His election took place in 1482.

black; long fair hair, a keen aquiline nose, a lip only beginning to lengthen to the characteristic Austrian feature, an expression always lofty, sometimes dreamy, and yet at the same time full of acuteness and humour. His abilities were of the highest order, his purposes, especially at this period of his life, most noble and becoming in the first prince of Christendom; and, if his life were a failure, and his reputation unworthy of his endowments, the cause seems to have been in great measure the bewilderment and confusion that unusual gifts sometimes cause to their possessor, whose sight their conflicting illumination dazzles so as to impair his steadiness of aim, while their contending gleams light him into various directions, so that one object is deserted for another ere its completion. Thus Maximilian cuts a figure in history far inferior to that made by his grandson, Charles V. whom he nevertheless excelled in every personal quality, except the most needful of all, force of character; and, in like manner, his remote descendant, the narrow-minded Ferdinand of Styria gained his ends, though the able and brilliant Joseph II. was to die broken-hearted, calling his reign a failure and mistake. However, such terms as these could not be applied to Maximilian with regard to home affairs. He has had hard measure from those who have only regarded his vacillating foreign policy, especially with respect to Italy—ever the temptation and the bane of Austria; but even here much of his uncertain conduct was owing to the unfulfilled promises of what he himself called his "realm of kings," and a sovereign can only justly be estimated by his domestic policy. The contrast of the empire before his time with the subsequent Germany is that of chaos with order. Since the death of Friedrich II. the Imperial title had been a mockery, making the prince who chanced to bear it a mere mark for the spite of his rivals; there was no centre of justice, no appeal; everybody might make war on everybody, with the sole preliminary of exchanging a challenge; "fist-right" was the acknowledged law of the land;

and, except in the free cities, and under such a happy accident as a right-minded prince here and there, the state of Germany seems to have been rather worse than that of Scotland from Bruce to the union of the Crowns. Under Maximilian, the Diet became an effective council, fist-right was abolished, independent robber-lords put down, civilization began to effect an entrance, the system of circles was arranged, and the empire again became a leading power in Europe, instead of a mere vortex of disorder and misrule. Never would Charles V. have held the position he occupied had he come after an ordinary man, instead of after an able and sagacious reformer like that Maximilian who is popularly regarded as a fantastic caricature of a knight-errant, marred by avarice and weakness of purpose.

At the juncture of which we are writing, none of Maximilian's less worthy qualities had appeared; he had not been rendered shifty and unscrupulous by difficulties and disappointments in money-matters, and had not found it impossible to keep many of the promises he had given in all good faith. He stood forth as the hope of Germany, in salient contrast to the feeble and avaricious father, who was felt to be the only obstacle in the way of his noble designs of establishing peace and good discipline in the empire, and conducting a general crusade against the Turks, whose progress was the most threatening peril of Christendom. His fame was, of course, frequently discussed among the citizens, with whom he was very popular, not only from his ease and freedom of manner, but because his peaceful tastes, his love of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the mechanical turn which made him an improver of fire-arms and a patron of painting and engraving, rendered their society more agreeable to him than that of his dull, barbarous nobility. Ebbo had heard so much of the perfections of the King of the Romans as to be prepared to hate him; but the boy, as we have seen, was of a generous, sensitive nature, peculiarly prone to enthusiastic impressions of veneration; and Maximilian's high-spirited manhood, personal fascina-

tion, and individual kindness had so entirely taken him by surprise, that he talked of him all the evening in a more fervid manner than did even Friedel, though both could scarcely rest for their anticipations of seeing him on the morrow in the full state of his entry.

Richly clad, and mounted on cream-coloured steeds, nearly as much alike as themselves, the twins were a pleasant sight for a proud mother's eyes, as they rode out to take their place in the procession that was to welcome the royal guests. Master Sorel, in ample gown, richly furred, with medal and chain of office, likewise went forth as Guild-master; and Christina, with smiling lips and liquid eyes, recollected the days when to see him in such array was her keenest pleasure, and the utmost splendour her fancy could depict.

Arrayed, as her sons loved to see her, in black velvet, and with pearl-bordered cap, Christina sat by her aunt in the tapestried balcony, and between them stood or sat little Thekla von Adlerstein Wildschloss, whose father had entrusted her to their care, to see the procession pass by. A rich Eastern carpet, of gorgeous colouring, covered the upper balustrade, over which they leant, in somewhat close quarters with the scarlet-boddiced dames of the opposite house, but with ample space for sight up and down the rows of smiling expectants at each balcony, or window, equally gay with hangings, while the bells of all the churches clashed forth their gayest chimes, and fitful bursts of music were borne upon the breeze. Little Thekla danced in the narrow space for very glee, and wondered why any one should live in a cloister when the world was so wide and so fair. And Dame Johanna tried to say something pious of worldly temptations, and the cloister shelter; but Thekla interrupted her, and, clinging to Christina, exclaimed, "Nay, but I am always naughty with Mother Ludmilla in the convent, and I know I should never be naughty out here with you and the barons; I should be so happy."

"Hush! hush! little one; here they come!"

On they came—stout Lanzknechts

first, the city guard with steel helmets unadorned, buff suits, and bearing either arquebuses, halberts, or those handsome but terrible weapons, morning stars. Then followed guild after guild, each preceded by the banner bearing its homely emblem—the cauldron of the smiths, the hose of the clothiers, the helmet of the armourers, the bason of the barbers, the boot of the sutors; even the sausage of the cooks, and the shoe of the shoeblacks, were represented, as by men who gloried in the calling in which they did life's duty and task.

First in each of these bands marched the prentices, stout, broad, flat-faced lads, from twenty to fourteen years of age, with hair like tow hanging from under their blue caps, staves in their hands, and knives at their girdles. Behind them came the journeymen, in leathern jerkins and steel caps, and armed with halberts or cross-bows; men of all ages, from sixty to one or two and twenty, and many of the younger ones with foreign countenances and garb betokening that they were strangers spending part of their wandering years in studying the Ulm fashions of their craft. Each trade showed a large array of these juniors; but the masters who came behind were comparatively few, mostly elderly, long-gowned, gold-chained personages, with a weight of solid dignity on their wise brows—men who respected themselves, made others respect them, and kept their city a peaceful, well-ordered haven, while storms raged in the realm beyond—men too who had raised to the glory of their God a temple, not indeed fulfilling the original design, but a noble effort, and grand monument of burgher devotion.

Then came the ragged regiment of scholars, wild lads from every part of Germany and Switzerland, some wan and pinched with hardship and privation, others sturdy, selfish rogues, evidently well able to take care of themselves. There were many rude, tyrannical-looking lads among the older lads; and, though here and there a studious, earnest face might be remarked, the prospect of Germany's future priests and teachers was not encouraging. And

what a searching ordeal was awaiting those careless lads when the voice of one as yet still a student should ring through Germany!

Contrasting with these ill-kempt pupils marched the grave professors and teachers, in square ecclesiastic caps and long gowns, whose colours marked their degrees and the Universities that had conferred them—some thin, some portly, some jocund, others dreamy; some observing all the humours around, others still intent on Aristotelian ethics; all men of high fame, with doctor at the beginning of their names, and "or" or "us" at the close of them. After them rode the magistracy, a burgomaster from each guild, and the Herr Provost himself—as great a potentate within his own walls as the Doge of Venice, or of Genoa, or perhaps greater, because less jealously hampered. In this dignified group was uncle Gottfried, by complacent nod and smile acknowledging his good wife and niece, who indeed had received many a previous glance and bow from friends passing beneath. But Master Sorel was no new spectacle in a civic procession, and the sight of him was only a pleasant fillip to the excitement of his ladies.

Here was jingling of spurs, and trampling of horses; heraldic achievements showed upon the banners, round which rode the mail-clad retainers of country nobles who had mustered to meet their lords. Then, with still more of clank and tramp, rode a bright-faced troop of lads, with feathered caps and gay mantles. Young Count Rudiger looked up with courteous salutation; and just behind him, with smiling lips and upraised faces, were the pair whose dark eyes, dark hair, and slender forms, rendered them conspicuous among the fair Teutonic youth. Each cap was taken off and waved, and each pair of lustrous eyes glanced up pleasure and exultation at the sight of the lovely "Mutterlein." And she? The pageant was well-nigh over to her, save for heartily agreeing with Aunt Johanna that there was not a young noble of them all to compare with the twin barons of Adlerstein! However, she knew she should be called

to account if she did not look well at "the Romish King;" besides, Thekla was shrieking with delight at the sight of her father, tall and splendid on his mighty black charger, with a smile for his child, and for the lady a bow so low and deferential that it was evidently remarked by those at whose approach every lady in the balconies was rising, every head in the street was bared.

A tall, thin, shrivelled, but exceedingly stately old man on a grey horse was in the centre. Clad in a purple velvet mantle, and bowing as he went, he looked truly the Kaiser, to whom stately courtesy was second nature. On one side, in black and gold, with the jewel of the Golden Fleece on his breast, rode Maximilian, responding gracefully to the salutations of the people, but his keen grey eye roving in search of the object of Sir Kasimir's salute, and lighting on Christina with such a rapid, amused glance of discovery that in her confusion she missed what excited Dame Johanna's rapturous admiration—the handsome boy on the Emperor's other side, a fair, plump lad, the young sovereign of the Low Counties, beautiful in feature and complexion, but lacking the fire and the loftiness that characterized his father's countenance. The train was closed by the Reitern of the Emperor's guard—steel-clad mercenaries who were looked on with no friendly eyes by the few gazers in the street who had been left behind in the general rush to keep up with the attractive part of the show.

Pageants of elaborate mythological character impeded the imperial progress at every stage, and it was full two hours ere the two youths returned, heartily weary of the lengthened ceremonial, and laughing at having actually seen the King of the Romans enduring to be conducted from shrine to shrine in the cathedral by a large proportion of its dignitaries. Ebbo was sure he had caught an archly disconsolate wink!

Ebbo had to dress for the banquet spread in the town-hall. Space was wanting for the concourse of guests, and Master Sorel had decided that the younger baron should not be included

in the invitation. Friedel pardoned him more easily than did Ebbo, who not only resented any slight to his double, but in his fits of shy pride needed the aid of his readier and brighter other self. But it might not be, and Sir Kasimir and Master Gottfried alone accompanied him, hoping that he would not look as wild as a hawk, and would do nothing to diminish the favourable impression he had made on the King of the Romans.

Late, according to mediæval hours, was the return, and Ebbo spoke in a tone of elation. "The Kaiser was most gracious, and the king knew me," he said, "and asked for thee, Friedel, saying one of us was nought without the other. But thou wilt go to-morrow, for we are to receive knighthood.

"Already!" exclaimed Friedel, a bright glow rushing to his cheek.

"Yea," said Ebbo. "The Romish king said somewhat about waiting to win our spurs; but the Kaiser said I was in a position to take rank as a knight, and I thanked him, so thou shouldst share the honour."

"The Kaiser," said Wildschloss, "is not the man to let a knight's fee slip between his fingers. The king would have kept off their grip, and reserved you for knighthood from his own sword under the banner of the empire; but there is no help for it now, and you must make your vassals send in their dues."

"My vassals?" said Ebbo; "what could they send?"

"The aid customary on the knighthood of the heir."

"But there is—there is nothing!" said Friedel. "They can scarce pay meal and poultry enough for our daily fare; and, if we were to flay them alive, we should not get sixty groschen from the whole."

"True enough! Knighthood must wait till we win it," said Ebbo, gloomily.

"Nay, it is accepted," said Wildschloss. "The Kaiser loves his iron chest too well to let you go back. You must be ready with your round sum to the chancellor, and your spur-money

and your fee to the heralds, and largess to the crowd."

"Mother, the dowry," said Ebbo.

"At your service, my son," said Christina, anxious to chase the cloud from his brow.

But it was a deep haul, for the avaricious Friedrich IV. made exorbitant charges for the knighting his young nobles; and Ebbo soon saw that the improvements at home must suffer for the honours that would have been so much better won than bought.

"If your vassals cannot aid, yet may not your kinsman——?" began Wildschloss.

"No!" interrupted Ebbo, lashed up to hot indignation; "No, sir! Rather will my mother, brother, and I ride back this very night to unfettered liberty on our mountain, without obligation to any living man."

"Less hotly, Sir Baron," said Master Gottfried, gravely. "You broke in on your noble godfather, and you had not heard me speak. You and your brother are the old man's only heirs, nor do ye incur any obligation that need fret you by forestalling what would be your just right. I will see my nephews as well equipped as any young baron of them."

The mother looked anxiously at Ebbo. He bent his head with rising colour, and said, "Thanks, kind uncle. From you I have learnt to look on goodness as fatherly."

"Only," added Friedel, "if the Baron's station renders knighthood fitting for him, surely I might remain his esquire."

"Never, Friedel!" cried his brother.

"Without thee, nothing."

"Well said, Freiher!" said Master Sorel; "what becomes the one becomes the other. I would not have thee left out, my Friedel, since I cannot leave thee the mysteries of my craft."

"To-morrow!" said Friedel, gravely. "Then must the vigil be kept to-night."

"The boy thinks these are the days of Roland and Karl the Great," said Wildschloss. "He would fain watch his arms in the moonlight in the Dome Kirk! Alas! no, my Friedel! Knight-

hood in these days smacks more of bezants than of deeds of prowess."

"Unbearable fellow," cried Ebbo, when he had latched the door of the room he shared with his brother. "First, holding up my inexperience to scorn! As though the Kaisar knew not better than he what befits me! Then trying to buy my silence and my mother's gratitude with his hateful advance of gold. As if I did not loathe him enough without! If I pay my homage, and sign the League to-morrow, it will be purely that he may not plume himself on our holding our own by sufferance, in deference to him."

"You will sign it, you will do homage!" exclaimed Friedel; "how rejoiced the mother will be."

"I had rather depend at once—if depend I must—on yonder dignified Kaisar and that noble king than on our meddling kinsman," said Ebbo. "I shall be his equal now! Ay, and no more classed with the court Junkern I was with to-day. The dullards! No one reasonable thing know they but the chase. One had been at Florence; and, when I asked him of the Baptistry and rare Giotto of whom my uncle told us, he asked if he were a knight of the Medici. All he knew was that there were ortolans at Ser Lorenzo's table, and he and the rest of them talked over wines as many and as hard to call as the roll of Æneas's comrades; and, when each one must drink to her he loved best, and I said I loved none like my sweet mother, they giped me for a simple dutiful mountaineer. Yea, and, when the servants brought a bowl, I thought it was a wholesome draught of spring water after all their hot wines and fripperies. Pah!"

"The rose-water, Ebbo! No wonder they laughed! Why, the bowls for our fingers came round at the banquet here."

"Ah! thou hast eyes for their finikin manners! Yet what know they of what we used to long for in polished life? Not one but vowed he abhorred books, and cursed Dr. Faustus for multiplying them. I may not know the taste of a stew, nor the fit of a glove, as they do, but I trust I bear a less empty brain.

And the young Netherlanders that came with the Archduke were worst of all. They got together and gabbled French, and treated the German Junkern with the very same sauce with which they had served me. The Archduke laughed with them, and, when the Provost addressed him, made as if he understood not, till his father heard, and thundered out, 'How now, Philip! Deaf on thy German ear? I tell thee, Herr Probst, he knows his own tongue as well as thou or I, and thou shalt hear him speak as becomes the son of an Austrian hunter.' That Romish king is a knight of knights, Friedel. I could follow him to the world's end. I wonder whether he will ever come to climb the Red Eyrie."

"It does not seem the world's end when one is there," said Friedel, with strange yearnings in his breast. "Even the Dom steeple never rose to its full height," he added, standing in the window, and gazing pensively into the summer sky. "Oh, Ebbo! this knight-hood has come very suddenly after our many dreams; and, even though its outward tokens be lowered, it is still a holy, awful thing."

Nurtured in mountain solitude, on romance transmitted through the pure medium of his mother's mind, and his spirit untainted by contact with the world, Friedmund von Adlerstein looked on chivalry with the temper of a Percival or Galahad, and regarded it with a sacred awe. Eberhard, though treating it more as a matter of business, was like enough to his brother to enter into the force of the vows they were about to make; and, if the young barons of Adlerstein did not perform the night-watch over their armour, yet they kept a vigil that impressed their own minds as deeply, and in early morn they went to confession and mass ere the gay parts of the city were astir.

"Sweet niece," said Master Sorel, as he saw the brothers' grave, earnest looks, "thou hast done well by these youths; yet I doubt me at times whether they be not too much lifted out of this veritable world of ours."

"Ah, fair uncle, were they not above it, how could they face its temptations?"

"True, my child; but how will it be when they find how lightly others treat what to them is so solemn?"

"There must be temptations for them, above all for Ebbo," said Christina; "but still, when I remember how my heart sank when their grandmother tried to breed them up to love crime as sport and glory, I cannot but trust that the good work will be wrought out, and my dream fulfilled, that they may be lights on earth and stars in heaven. Even this matter of homage, that seemed so hard to my Ebbo, has now been made easy to him by his veneration for the Emperor."

It was even so. If the sense that he was the last veritable *free* lord of Adlerstein rushed over Ebbo, he was, on the other hand, overmastered by the kingliness of Friedrich and Maximilian, and was aware that this submission, while depriving him of little or no actual power, brought him into relations with the civilized world, and opened to him paths of true honour. So the ceremonies were gone through, his oath of allegiance was made, investiture was granted to him by the delivery of a sword, and both he and Friedel were dubbed knights. Then they shared another banquet, where, as away from the Junkern and among elder men, Ebbo was happier than the day before. Some of the knights seemed to him as rude and ignorant as the Schneiderlein, but no one talked to him nor observed his manners, and he could listen to conversation on war and policy such as interested him far more than the subjects affected by youths a little older than himself. Their lonely life and training had rendered the minds of the brothers as much in advance of their fellows as they were behind them in knowledge of the world.

The gross obtuseness of most of the nobility made it a relief to return to the usual habits of the Sorel household when the court had left Ulm. Friedmund, anxious to prove that his new honours were not to alter his home demeanour, was drawing on a block of wood from a tinted pen-and-ink sketch; Ebbo was deeply engaged with a newly-acquired

copy of Virgil; and their mother was embroidering some draperies for the long-neglected castle chapel, all sitting, as Master Gottfried loved to have them, in his studio, whence he had a few moments before been called away, when, as the door slowly opened, a voice was heard that made both lads start and rise.

"Yea, truly, Herr Guildmaster, I would see these masterpieces. Ha! What have you here for masterpieces? Our two new double-ganger knights?" and Maximilian entered in a simple riding dress, attended by Master Gottfried, and by Sir Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss.

Christina would fain have slipped out unperceived, but the king was already removing his cap from his fair curling locks, and bending his head as he said, "The Frau Freiherrinn von Adlerstein? Fair lady, I greet you well, and thank you in the Kaiser's name and mine for having bred up for us two true and loyal subjects."

"May they so prove themselves, my liege!" said Christina, bending low.

"And not only loyal-hearted," added Maximilian, smiling, "but ready-brained, which is less frequent among our youth. What is thy book, young knight? Virgilius Maro? Dost thou read the Latin?" he added, in that tongue.

"Not as well as we wish, your kingly highness," readily answered Ebbo, in Latin, "having learnt solely of our mother till we came hither."

"Never fear for that, my young blade," laughed the king. "Knowst not that the wiseacres thought me too dull for teaching till I was past ten years? And what is thy double about? Drawing on wood? How now! An able draughtsman, my young knight?"

"My nephew, Sir Friedmund, is good to the old man," said Gottfried, himself almost regretting the lad's avocation. "My eyes are falling me, and he is aiding me with the graving of this border. He has the knack that no teaching will impart to any of my present journey-men."

"Born, not made," quoth Maximilian. "Nay," as Friedel coloured deeper at the sense that Ebbo was ashamed of

him, "no blushes, my boy; it is a rare gift. I can make a hundred knights any day, but the Almighty alone can make a genius. It was this very matter of graving that led me hither."

For Maximilian had a passion for composition, and chiefly for autobiography, and his head was full of that curious performance, *Der Weisse König*, which occupied many of the leisure moments of his life, being dictated to his former writing-master, Marcus Sauerwein. He had already designed the portrayal of his father as the old white king, and himself as the young white king, in a series of woodcuts illustrating the narrative which culminated in the one romance of his life, his brief happy marriage with Mary of Burgundy; and he continued eagerly to talk to Master Gottfried about the mystery of graving, and the various scenes in which he wished to depict himself learning languages from native speakers—Czech from a peasant with a basket of eggs, English from the exiles at the Burgundian court, who had also taught him the use of the longbow, building from architects and masons, painting from artists, and, more imaginatively, astrology from a wonderful flaming sphere in the sky, and the black art from a witch inspired by a long-tailed demon perched on her shoulder.

No doubt "the young white king" made an exceedingly prominent figure in the discourse, but it was so quaint and so brilliant that it did not need the charm of royal condescension to entrance the young knights, who stood silent auditors. Ebbo at least was convinced that no species of knowledge or skill was viewed by his kaisarly kingship as beneath his dignity; but still he feared Friedel's being seized upon to be as prime illustrator to the royal autobiography—a lot to which, with all his devotion to Maximilian, he could hardly have consigned his brother in the certainty that the jeers of the ruder nobles would pursue the craftsman baron.

However, for the present, Maximilian was keen enough to see that the boy's mechanical skill was not as yet equal to his genius; so he only encouraged him

to practise, adding that he heard there was a rare lad, one Dürer, at Nuremberg, whose productions were already wonderful. "And what is this?" he asked; "what is the daintily-carved group I see yonder?"

"Your highness means 'The Dove in the Eagle's Nest,' said Kasimir. "It is the work of my young kinsmen, and their appropriate device."

"As well chosen as carved," said Maximilian, examining it. "Well is it that a city dove should now and then find her way to the eyrie. Some of my nobles would cut my throat for the heresy; but I am safe here, eh, Sir Kasimir? Fare ye well, ye dove-trained eaglets. We will know one another better when we bear the cross against the infidel."

The brothers kissed his hand, and he descended the steps from the hall door. Ere he had gone far, he turned round upon Sir Kasimir with a merry smile: "A very white and tender dove, indeed, and one who might easily nestle in another eyrie, methinks."

"Deems your kingly highness that consent could be won?" asked Wildschloss.

"From the Kaiser? Pfui, man, thou knowst as well as I do the golden key to his consent. So thou wouldst risk thy luck again! Thou hast no male heir."

"And I would fain give my child a mother who would deal well with her. Nay, to say sooth, that gentle, innocent face has dwelt with me for many years. But for my pre-contract, I had striven long ago to win her, and had been a happier man, mayhap. And, now I have seen what she has made of her sons, I feel I could scarce find her match among our nobility."

"Nor elsewhere," said the king; "and I honour thee for not being so besotted in our German haughtiness as not to see that it is our free cities that make refined and discreet dames. I give you good speed, Adlerstein; but, if I read aright the brow of one at least of these young fellows, thou wilt scarce have a willing or obedient stepson."

To be continued.

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PALGRAVE'S TRAVELS IN ARABIA.

No better proof can be afforded of the intellectual vigour of Mahommed than the ignorance of all things Arabian which pervades Christendom. Not to the Arab race itself, nor to the shifting sands of the Peninsula, can be ascribed the fact that a small portion of country lying next to Egypt and Syria, of easy access for many ages past, is still as a closed book to Europeans. It can only be traced to the vitality which his one mind gave to the heterogeneous tribes of Arabia—a vitality which raised them, in the space of thirty years, from a race of rude shepherds and petty highway-men to be a nation which overran the great Eastern Empire, conquered Egypt, Syria, Northern Africa, half Spain, penetrated to Switzerland, and threatened France itself. The leading spirit in such a revolution must needs be of no common order; and, albeit *El Islâm* is commonly reckoned to be nigh extinct, and the faithful say with a sigh that “the blessing hath departed from them,” it is only necessary to point to Arabia in refutation of all such theories. Mahomedanism is not dead till its cradle is open to inspection.

To estimate the value of successful explorations of the interior of Arabia, it is necessary to remember that all our knowledge of the Peninsula—we except of course native accounts, for the most part accessible only to Arabic scholars—extends but to the regions lying next the sea, that is to say, the Arabian Gulf, Indian Ocean, and Persian Gulf. From Burckhardt, an English reader will gain a fair knowledge of the *Hijáz*; the accurate Niebuhr traversed and described much of the Yemen; Messrs. Wellsted and Cruttenden, of the Indian Navy, made excursions in the provinces of Hadramawt and Oman. We have almost summed up all our sources of knowledge. Of the great inland and upland provinces, of which the Nejd

(or “highland”) is the chiefest, nothing has been told us by European pen. Mr. Palgrave's account of his travels across the Peninsula is therefore very welcome.¹ It opens out the country from the Syrian frontier, east of Gaza, through the northern provinces to the Nejd, and thence to the mid-shore of the Persian Gulf; through the heart of the land, amidst Arabs who had never seen a European, and who represent, as nearly as any of the race now do, the Arabs of Mahommed's time. Not that we can suppose time to have left no traces on the nation. Conservative above all others, they yet suffered, during their prosperity in the times of the *Khaleefehs*, from contact with other peoples, and since that time they have undoubtedly degenerated from too great seclusion. Evidence sufficient, both extrinsic and intrinsic, proves this to be the case.

The narrative of the remarkable journey which Mr. Palgrave accomplished is told in a singularly frank and captivating manner. Especially do the earlier portions of the work bear evident traces of the hand of a first-class Oxford man, who, by long residence in the East, has lost much of the artifice of composition. A rare chance this in these days of professional writing, and one that greatly enhances the pleasure afforded by the book. The traveller has written much as he thinks, and has tried to put on paper simply the recurrent memories of his Arabian existence. Differing as we do in much of his estimate of the Arab and his creed, it were as uncandid as idle to deny the excellence of the narrative, or the value of his contribution to our geographical and ethnological literature.

¹ Narrative of a year's journey through Central and Eastern Arabia (1862-63). By William Gifford Palgrave. Two vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1865.

Geographically, Mr. Palgrave has made known to the general reader the interior of Arabia, the very core of the land. To the Arabic scholar he has clothed the dry bones of native geographers and historians with very living flesh; and, while he has not added many new names, he has helped, by his itinerary, to place those we knew, and has given them a reality which is never found in Semitic literature. Ethnologically, his experience of the Arabs of interior Arabia is of high interest, and, if cautiously read, importance. The points of difference which exist between us will be mentioned presently. Let us first accompany him over the more important portions of his route, giving as briefly as possible a notion of the country traversed, of its people, and their rulers.

Leaving the Mediterranean and Levantine civilization at Ghazzah, the modern Gaza, Mr. Palgrave, accompanied by a native of Zahleh (rather a dummy by the way, of whom we could wish to learn more), struck S.E. into the desert, and he first greets the reader from the port of Ma'an, a place lying on the eastern side of the Ghór or valley which runs from the 'Akábeh to the Dead sea. Thence began the real journey of which these two volumes are to us the tangible result. Escorted by a Bedouin of the Howeyhat Arabs, notorious for his lawlessness, and by two others of the inferior Sharárá, he entered on the first stage of two hundred miles. The route at first lay across a desert waste, "one weary plain in a black monotony of lifelessness," where water is so scarce that four full days' journey lay between the wells of Wokba and the next water. Presently the Valley of the Wolf (Wádee Sirhán) was struck, and the desolation became less complete. Stretching from near Damascus to the Jowf in Arabia, across the great northern desert that lies between Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia—a plain mostly level, stony, and waterless, with spare herbage, even in the winter time—the Valley of the Wolf presents a mitigation of the surrounding sterility. Formed by a slight

depression of the plain, water may be found at depths varying from ten to twenty feet below the surface. "Here, in consequence, bushes and herbs spring up, and grass, if not green all the year round, is at least of somewhat longer duration than elsewhere; certain fruit-bearing plants, of a nature to suffice for meagre Bedouin existence, grow here spontaneously; in a word, man and beast find, not exactly comfortable accommodation, but the absolutely needful supply." Here, Mr. Palgrave found the "tents of Kedar"—not far wrong in his supposition, for it is probable, from the existing names of places and tribes, that traces of Kedar, Tema, and other Abrahamic peoples still linger on the northerly frontier of the Arabian desert.

The Valley of the Wolf leads down, as we have said, to the green Jowf, "a broad deep valley, descending ledge after ledge till its innermost depths are hidden from sight, amid far-reaching shelves of reddish rock, below, everywhere studded with tufts of palm groves and clustering fruit trees in dark green patches, down to the furthest end of its windings." It is "a sort of oasis, a large oval depression of sixty or seventy miles long, by ten or twelve broad, lying between the northern desert that separates it from Syria and Euphrates, and the Southern Nefood, or sandy waste." Perhaps Mr. Palgrave's description of this threshold of Central Arabia, taken with that of Jebel Shammar, the next province or outpost of the Nejd, is the most pleasing part of his narration. Both have a fresh charm, as refreshing as were to him the green trees and waters after the northern wastes.

The Jowf, or Jóf, anciently called Wadi-e-Kurá, has some remarkable points of interest. It lies in the great caravan route that conveyed from the Persian Gulf the merchandise of India, during the flourishing times of the kingdom of Israel and Judah. It formed the most important post of that traffic, almost in mid-desert. We have always thought that this old route would repay

investigation of the first enterprising traveller who should follow the footsteps of the old traders. The Jowf is sixty or seventy miles long, by ten or twelve broad, possessing one town and some scattered villages called the Kureigát. Architecturally it is noteworthy from its characteristic round towers, from thirty to forty feet high and twelve or more broad, which were built as strongholds in the frequent wars that, till the rule of Telál, of Jebel Shammar, swept over the valley. The castle of Márid, which commands what is now called the town of Jowf, but formerly Doomah-el-Jeudel, or Doomah of the Stones, possesses interest to the Arabic student; for it defied the attacks of that mysterious Queen of Arabian history called Ez-Zebba, and by some thought to be Zenobia. To the Biblical critic it is of note, as it may be the same as Dumah, named after the son of Abraham and Hagar; and in the massive, so-called cyclopean, masonry of its walls, may be found evidence of its early and non-Semitic origin; for Semites have ever been, when left to themselves, sorry architects.

Of the people, Mr. Palgrave says,

"The most distinctive good feature of the inhabitants of the Djowf is their liberality. Nowhere else, even in Arabia, is the guest, so at least he be not murdered before admittance, better treated, or more cordially invited to become in every way one of themselves. Courage, too, no one denies them, and they are equally lavish of their own lives and property as of their neighbours'."

Here the travellers were welcomed, and even it was sought to persuade them to become settlers in the land. And that reminds us that we have accompanied the narrator thus far on his journey without a word of his manner of travelling, of the disguise that gave him the pass among these people. He went then, he tells us, as a Christian doctor of Damascus. By avoiding the holy cities of the Hijáz, he found no difficulty in his profession of Christianity among less sophisticated peoples. Even the intolerant Wahhabees, he says, were

tolerant of his creed. His only danger was in the chance of his being discovered to be a European. To pass himself off as a man of Damascus required a familiarity with spoken Arabic that can only be ascribed (let alone the native ability of the man) to his long residence, in a missionary character, among the Lebanon hills. Parallels may, however, be found in M. Vambéry and Sir A. Burnes. Burckhardt never succeeded in imposing on the Arabs. His Arabic was imperfect, and he could not overcome his European habit of whistling—an abomination to the Arabs. But he thought himself successful in his disguise, and so have other more dubious Arabian travellers. Mr. Palgrave possesses, without doubt, a very extensive knowledge of Arabic, or he could never have returned alive from the Wahhabee capital. Perhaps the profession of a doctor was the best he could adopt; it appealed to the necessities of Arab humanity, always eager for drugs and medicaments; far better was it than the very dangerous disguise of a darweesh, which, of all others, is the one most likely of detection. Suffice it that his abilities in the healing art were everywhere in great demand, and that he had an immense practice from the Jowf to Riád. But we return to the narration of the journey, which we left at the former place.

From the pleasant oasis of the Jowf, the road lay across one of the waterless sand-passes, called Nefood, or Daughters of that Great Desert which lies to the south of the Nijd, and, not unlike running water, sends out northwards these streams of shifting, billowy sands, and girdles the midland highlands. The Great Desert, or Dahna, otherwise receives the appellation of the Deserted Quarter, and there do riot the devils, princes, efreets, ghouls, and those more mysterious monsters—the shikk and the nesuas, who possess each one leg, one arm, and half a head—all of which may be learnt from that most voracious of books, the "Thousand and One Nights." There also is the well of Barahoot, whence ascends an ill savour on the

occasion of each pre-eminently evil-doer's death. But to return from the Dahna to its daughters. Mr. Palgrave thus describes that which he now crossed :—

"We were now traversing an immense ocean of loose reddish sand, unlimited to the eye, and heaped up in enormous ridges running parallel to each other from north to south, undulation after undulation, each swell two or three hundred feet in average height, with stout sides and rounded crests furrowed in every direction by the capricious gales of the desert. In the depths between the traveller finds himself as it were imprisoned in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning walls on every side; while at other times, while labouring up the slope, he overlooks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a heavy monsoon wind, and ruffled by a cross-blast into little red-hot waves."

Beyond this terrible wilderness, the plain gradually broke into cultivated oases and less parched tracts, rising slowly terrace after terrace towards the highlands. Jebel Shammar, the outpost of the Nijd, is the first mountainous province met from the north: "a large plain, many miles in length and breadth, and girt on every side by a high mountain rampart." Its capital, Hayel, is a large, straggling, and unpicturesque town, with a population of some twenty thousand souls. The province is governed by Telâl, whom Mr. Palgrave styles "king" and "monarch," the son of one 'Abd-Allah Ibn-Rasheed, of the tribe of Shammar, to whom the government was given by the Wahabee ruler. The character of Telâl, as portrayed by Mr. Palgrave, is a very high one; courageous, enlightened, and just, he has steered a dangerous course between the Wahabees on the one hand, and the Turks on the other. The former, though jealous of his popularity and his power, and irritated by his toleration of many things abominable in their eyes, have not been able to pick a quarrel with him. With the latter, while he has quietly usurped the government of large portions of the sultan's desert dominions, he is on terms of friendship, displaying his allegiance by public prayer for the

Khaleefeh in the mosques, and invariably receiving Turks with the highest consideration. Altogether a remarkable man, he shows a political sagacity of a high order. He received the travellers with his customary liberality; and so favourable an estimate did Mr. Palgrave conceive of his character that he dared to confide to him his nationality and the object of his journey. In the last interview with him, he said,

"You would not be imprudent enough to require, nor I to give, a formal and official answer to communications like yours, and in such a state of things. But this much I, Telâl, will say: be assured now and ever of my good will and countenance; you must now continue your journey; but, return in whatever fashion you may, and I hope it will be before long, your word shall pass here as law, and whatever you may wish to see done shall be exactly complied with throughout the limits of my government. Does this satisfy you?' added he. I replied that my utmost desires went no further; and we shook hands in mutual pledge."

In Jebel Shammar we feel among the pure Arabs, without the uncomfortable puritanism of the Wahabees; and the writer, as we have said, here discourses in his most pleasant manner. We dislike merely picturesque extracts, but there are two passages in the chapters about Hayel that claim exemption from any rule of exclusion. They illustrate alike the writer and his subject, and are too good to pass by. Perhaps in the whole book no better picture of Arab life may be found than that of the chieftain's approach to his palace.

"A few minutes later we saw a crowd approach from the upper extremity of the place, namely, that towards the market. When the new-comers drew near, we saw them to be almost exclusively armed men, with some of the more important-looking citizens, but all on foot. In the midst of this circle, though detached from those around them, slowly advanced three personages, whose dress and deportment, together with the respectful distance observed by the rest, announced superior rank. 'Here comes Telâl,' said Seyf, in an undertone.

"The midmost figure was in fact that of the prince himself. Short of stature,

broad-shouldered, and strongly-built, of a very dusky complexion, with long black hair, dark and piercing eyes, and a countenance rather severe and open, Telâl might readily be supposed above forty years in age, though he is in fact thirty-seven or thirty-eight at most. His step was measured, his demeanour grave and somewhat haughty. His dress, a long robe of Cashemire shawl, covered the white Arab shirt, and over all he wore a delicately-worked cloak of camel's hair from 'Omân, a great rarity and highly-valued in this part of Arabia. His head was adorned by a brodered handkerchief, in which silk and gold thread had not been spared, and girt by a broad band of camel's hair entwined with red silk, the manufacture of Meshid 'Alee. A gold-mounted sword hung by his side, and his dress was perfumed with musk in a degree better adapted to Arab than to European nostrils. His glance never rested for a moment; sometimes it turned on his nearer companions, sometimes on the crowd; I have seldom seen so truly an 'eagle eye' in rapidity and in brilliancy.

"By his side walked a tall thin individual clad in garments of somewhat less costly material, but of gayer colours and embroidery than those of the king himself. His face announced unusual intelligence and courtly politeness; his sword was not, however, adorned with gold, the exclusive privilege of the royal family, but with silver only.

"This was Zâmil, the treasurer and prime minister—sole minister, indeed, of the autocrat. Raised from beggary by 'Abd-Allah the late king, who had seen in the ragged orphan signs of rare capacity, he continued to merit the uninterrupted favour of his patron, and after his death had become equally, or yet more dear to Telâl, who raised him from post to post till he at last occupied the highest position in the kingdom after the monarch himself. Faithful to his master, and placed by his plebeian extraction beyond reach of rival family jealousy, his even and amiable temper had made him eminently popular without the palace, and as cherished by his master within, while his extraordinary application to business, joined with a ready but calm mind, and the great services he rendered the state in his double duty, merited, in the opinion of all, those personal riches of which he made a very free and munificent display.

"Of the demurely smiling 'Abd-el-Mahsin, the second companion of the king's evening walk, I will say nothing

for the moment; we shall have him before long for a very intimate acquaintance and a steady friend.

"Every one stood up as Telâl drew nigh. Seyf gave us a sign to follow him, made way through the crowd, and saluted his sovereign with the authorized formula of 'Peace be with you, O the Protected of God!'—no worse a title than 'Protector' anyhow, and more modest. Telâl at once cast on us a penetrating glance, and addressed a question in a low voice to Seyf, whose answer was in the same tone. The prince then looked again towards us, but with a friendlier expression of face. We approached and touched his open hand, repeating the same salutation as that used by Seyf. No bow, hand-kissing, or other ceremony is customary on these occasions. Telâl returned our greeting, and then, without a word more to us, whispered a moment to Seyf, and passed on through the palace gate."

After some such manner we may suppose the patriarchs and the kings of Judah and Israel to have passed among their followers; not, as it is the modern fashion to suppose, like the dirty Bedawees of the degraded tribes that escort and pillage the tourists who visit Palestine and Syria. Nearer still is the resemblance to the fashion of the early khaleefehs. The next quotation is an excellent example of word-painting, in its best sense. It reads like memory done into words, and such it probably is.

"On that day, then, in 1862, about a fortnight after our establishment at Hâ'yel, and when we were, in consequence, fully inured to our town existence, Seleem Abou Mahmood-el-Eys and Barakât-esh-Shâmee, that is, my companion and myself, rose, not from our beds, for we had none, but from our roof-spread carpets, and took advantage of the silent hour of the first faint dawn, while the stars yet kept watch in the sky over the slumbering inhabitants of Shomer, to leave the house for a cool and undisturbed walk ere the sun should arise and man go forth unto his work and to his labour. We locked the outer door, and then passed into the still twilight gloom down the cross-street leading to the market-place, which we next followed up to its farther or south-western end, where large folding-gates separate it from the rest of the town. The wolfish city-dogs, whose bark and bite too render walking the streets at night a rather pre-

carious business, now tamely stalked away in the gloaming, while here and there a crouching camel, the packages yet on his back, and his sleeping driver close by, awaited the opening of the warehouse at whose door they had passed the night. Early though it was, the market-gates were already unclosed, and the guardian sat wakeful in his niche. On leaving the market we had yet to go down a broad street of houses and gardens cheerfully intermixed, till at last we reached the western wall of the town, or, rather, of the new quarter added by 'Abd-Allah, where the high portal between round flanking towers gave us issue on the open plain, blown over at this hour by a light gale of life and coolness. To the west, but some four or five miles distant, rose the serrated mass of Djebel Shomer, throwing up its black fantastic peaks, now reddened by the reflected dawn, against the lead-blue sky. Northward the same chain bends round till it meets the town, and then stretches away for a length of ten or twelve days' journey, gradually losing in height on its approach to Meshid 'Alee and the valley of the Euphrates. On our south we have a little isolated knot of rocks, and far off the extreme ranges of Djebel Shomer or 'Aja', to give it its historical name, intersected by the broad passes that lead on in the same direction to Djebel Solma. Behind us lies the capital—Telâl's palace, with its high oval keep, houses, gardens, walls, and towers, all coming out black against the ruddy bars of eastern light, and behind, a huge pyramidal peak almost overhanging the town, and connected by lower rocks with the main mountain range to north and south, those stony ribs that protect the central heart of the kingdom. In the plain itself we can just distinguish by the doubtful twilight several blackish patches irregularly scattered over its face, or seen as though leaning upward against its craggy verge; these are the gardens and country-houses of 'Obeyd and other chiefs, besides hamlets and villages, such as Kefar and 'Adwah, with their groves of palm and 'Ithel' (a tree which I will describe farther on), now blended in the dusk. One solitary traveller on his camel, a troop of jackals sneaking off to their rocky caverns, a few dingy tents of Shomer Bedouins, such are the last details of the landscape. Far away over the southern hills beams the glory of Canopus, and announces a new Arab year; the pole-star to the north lies low over the mountain tops.

"We pace the pebble-strewn flat to the

south, till we leave behind us the length of the town wall, and reach the little cluster of rocks already mentioned. We scramble up to a sort of niche near its summit, whence, at a height of a hundred feet or more, we can overlook the whole extent of the plain and wait the sunrise. Yet before the highest crags of Shomer are gilt with its first rays, or the long giant shadows of the easternly chain have crossed the level, we see groups of peasants, who, drawing their fruit and vegetable-laden asses before them, issue like little bands of ants from the mountain gorges around, and slowly approach on the tracks converging to the capital. Horsemen from the town ride out to the gardens, and a long line of camels on the westerly Medinah road winds up towards Hâ'yel. We wait esconced in our rocky look-out and enjoy the view till the sun has risen, and the coolness of the night air warms rapidly into the sultry day; it is time to return. So we quit our solitary perch, and descend to the plain, where, keeping in the shadow of the western fortifications, we regain the town gate and thence the market. There all is now life and movement; some of the warehouses, filled with rice, flour, spices, or coffee, and often concealing in their inner recesses stores of the prohibited American weed, are already open; we salute the owners while we pass, and they return a polite and friendly greeting. Camels are unloading in the streets, and Bedouins standing by, looking anything but at home in the town. The shoemaker and the blacksmith, those two main props of Arab handicraft, are already at their work, and some gossiping bystanders are collected around them. At the corner where our cross street falls into the market-place, three or four country women are seated, with piles of melons, gourds, egg-plant fruits, and the other garden produce before them for sale. My companion falls a haggling with one of these village nymphs, and ends by obtaining a dozen 'badinjans' and a couple of water melons, each bigger than a man's head, for the equivalent of an English twopence. With this purchase we return home, where we shut and bolt the outer door, then take out of a flat basket what has remained from over night of our wafer-like Hâ'yel bread, and with this and a melon make a hasty breakfast."

Mr. Palgrave's own estimate of his work may coincide with that which we conceive to be the public one—that his account of the Wahhabees is of the

chief value and interest. But such, we predict, will not be the case. In manner, the earlier portions of the book are freer from constraint—evidently more spontaneous; while in interest and importance they certainly yield to no other part. And, if any good were to come out of the enterprise, any relations with interior Arabia, the portal of entry should be Jebel Shammar. In a word, the first and second acts are finer, we had almost said truer, than the scene on which the author has lavished all his pains.

From Jebel Shammar to the Wahhabee capital the road lay through Lower Nejd—at first a sandy plain, with scant herbage; then a high plateau (the plain of Upper Kaseem) where pasturage improves; and next, Lower Kaseem, of the first view of which Mr. Palgrave says,

“Before us to the utmost horizon stretched an immense plain, studded with towns and villages, towers and groves, all steeped in the dazzling noon, and announcing everywhere opulence, life, and activity. The average breadth of this populous district is about sixty miles, its length twice as much, or more; it lies full two hundred feet below the level of the uplands, which here break off like a wall and leave the lower ground to stretch uninterrupted far away to the long transverse chain of Toweyk that bounds it to the south... We had halted for a moment on the verge of the uplands to enjoy the magnificent prospect before us. Below lay the wide plain; at a few miles’ distance we saw the thick palm-groves of ‘Eyoön, and what little of its towers and citadel the dense foliage permitted to the eye. Far off on our right, that is, to the west, a large dark patch marked the tillage and plantations which girdle the town of Rass; other villages and hamlets too were thickly scattered over the landscape. All along the ridge where we stood, and visible at various distances down the level, rose the tall circular watch-towers of Kaseem.”

At the town of Bereyda, the party first encountered Wahhabee obstacles; for war was raging in the neighbourhood, and the important town of ‘Oneyzah, at no great distance, was invested by the autocrat of Riád. After a weary delay, this place was left on the 3rd of October, and the final space between

Bereyda and Riád, the goal of the enterprise, entered on. “This is Nejd,” said a man of Bereyda; “he who entereth it cometh not out again.” And so it nearly proved.

Ascending the high ground that encompasses the province, and traversing a grassy undulating country, the road at length left the greener land of Kaseem, and struck into another of the Nefood, of which we have already had experience. Once over this, the travellers found themselves in a valley that runs from the head waters of the Persian Gulf, transversely across the Peninsula past the Nejd; and in the far distance was the outline of Jebel Tuweyh, the barrier of the Nejd proper—a crescent-shaped range, between the horns of which lies Kaseem.

As the chief object of Mr. Palgrave’s journey was the exploration of this province, we must quote his description of its boundaries and its conformation. He says:—

“This mountain essentially constitutes Nejed. It is a wide and flat chain, or rather plateau, whose general form is that of a huge crescent; its central and broadest segment belongs to the province of ‘Aared; its north-eastern horn to that of Sedeyr; and in the first part of its southerly limb lies Woshem, after which the mountain runs on between the south and west behind the pilgrim road of Nejed, and thus severs it from Wadi Dowāsir. Kaseem with its lowlands is in front of, and in a manner embraced by, this part of the crescent; while Hasa to the east, Yemāmah and Afāj to the south, and the interminable valley of Dowāsir to the south-west, form its background and appendages. If I may be permitted here to give my rough guess regarding the elevation of the main plateau, a guess grounded partly on the vegetation, climate, and similar local features, partly on an approximative estimate of the ascent itself, and of the subsequent descent on the other or sea side, I should say that it varies from a height of one to two thousand feet above the surrounding level of the Peninsula, and may thus be about three thousand feet at most above the sea. Its loftiest ledges occur in the Sedeyr district, where we shall pass them before long; the centre and the south-westerly arm is certainly lower. Djebel Toweyk is the middle knot of

Arabia, its Caucasus, so to say; and is still, as it has often been in former times, the turning point of the whole, or almost the whole, Peninsula in a political and national bearing. To it alone is the term 'Nejed,' strictly and topographically applied; although the same denomination is sometimes, nay, often, given by the Arabs themselves to all the inland provinces now under Wahhabee rule; and hence Yemamah, Hareek, Aflāj, Dowāsir, and Kaseem have acquired the name of 'Nejed,' but more in a governmental than in a geographical sense."

And again :—

"The great mass of upland, thus named 'Toweyk,' or 'Nejed,' is for the most of calcareous formation, though toward east and south peaks of granite are sometimes intermixed with the limestone rock, or clustered apart. Basalt, to the best of my knowledge, appears nowhere, and in this respect Toweyk offers a remarkable contrast to the Shomer range. There the prevailing formation is reddish granite and basalt, rising in fantastic peaks and sierras; here a white table-land, and long parallel lines like stairs. The extreme verge is almost always abrupt, and takes a bold rise of about five or six hundred feet sheer in chalky cliffs from the adjoining plain. Then succeeds a table-land, various in extent, and nearly level throughout; then another step of three or four hundred feet, followed by a second and higher table-land; and occasionally a third and yet loftier plateau crowns the second; but the summit is invariably flat, excepting the few granite crests on the further side of Sedeyr and towards Yemamah. These high grounds are for the most clothed on their upper surface with fine and sufficient pastures which last throughout the year; but the greater the elevation the less is the fertility and the drier the soil. Trees, solitary or in little groups, are here common; not indeed the well-known Ithel of the plain, but the Sidr (or, according to the Nejdean dialect, Sedeyr, whence the name of one great province), or the Markh, with its wide-spreading oak-like branches, and the tangled thorny Talh. Little water is to be found, at any rate in autumn, though I saw some spots that appeared to have pools in spring; we met with one, and one only, perennial source, which I will describe when we reach it.

"The entire plateau is intersected by a maze of valleys, some broad, some narrow, some long and winding, some of little length, but almost all bordered with steep

and at times precipitous banks, and looking as though they had been artificially cut out in the limestone mountain. In these countless hollows is concentrated the fertility and the population of Nejed; gardens and houses, cultivation and villages, hidden from view among the depths while one journeys over the dry flats (I had well-nigh called them 'denes,' for they often reminded me of those near Yarmouth) above, till one comes suddenly on the mass of emerald green beneath. One would think that two different lands and climates had been somehow interwoven into one, yet remained unblended. The soil of these valleys is light, and mixed with marl, sand, and little pebbles washed down from the heights, for everywhere their abrupt edges are furrowed by torrent tracks, that, collecting above, rush over in winter, and often turn the greater part of the gully below into a violent watercourse for two or three days, till the momentary supply is spent, and then pools and plashes remain through the months of spring, while the most of the water sinks underground, where it forms an unfailling supply for the wells in summer, or breaks out once more in living springs amid the low lands of Haṣa and Kaṭeef, towards the sea-coast, and beyond the outskirts of Djebel Toweyk itself."

Through this country lay the road to the capital; and be it noted, in justice to the Wahhabees, that the men of Sedeyr (for thus the province now traversed is named) were eminently courteous to the strangers.

And so to Riád, a name of mysterious wonder—one of those places where heads are supposed to roll easily off men's shoulders, and whence few who enter from the outer world ever re-issue. Thus was the first view of the city :—

"Before us stretched a wild open valley, and in its foreground, immediately below the pebbly slope on whose summit we stood, lay the capital, large and square, crowned by high towers and strong walls of defence, a mass of roofs and terraces, where overtopping all frowned the huge but irregular pile of Feyṣul's royal castle, and hard by it rose the scarce less conspicuous palace, built and inhabited by his eldest son, 'Abd-Allah. Other edifices too of remarkable appearance broke here and there through the maze of grey roof-tops, but their object and indwellers were yet to learn. All around for full three miles

over the surrounding plain, but more especially to the west and south, waved a sea of palm-trees above green fields and well-watered gardens; while the singing droning sound of the water-wheels reached us even where we had halted, at a quarter of a mile or more from the nearest town walls."

The chapters descriptive of the Wahhabee capital, its ruler, government, and people, are pregnant with new information. As on other occasions, Mr. Palgrave has given a sketch of the recent history of the sect, the more valuable as modern native accounts of Arabia, if such exist, are not accessible to Europeans. And we may note here that these historical interpolations, with other episodal digressions are always interesting even to the general reader, and that they have a remarkable facility of falling into their places without breaking the thread of the narrative.

The portrait of Feysul, the Wahhabee monarch, is repulsive; his system of government is described to be the hardest despotism; the people, to whom we shall presently recur, are most puritanically unamiable. The country governed from Riád embraces the best portion of the peninsula; the governed are of the purest of the Arab race. Although the dynasty of 'Abd-el-Wahhab received a staggering blow from Mohammad 'Alee, Pasha of Egypt, in the year 1830, it has since had the wisdom to let the rulers of the Nile valley alone, and, while confining its dominion to the highland of Arabia, with encroachments on the rich shores of the Persian Gulf, has, by concentration, much strengthened itself. But the severity of its precept and practice is an absolute bar to all progress, and makes friendly intercourse with foreign nations impossible. Mr. Palgrave's position in the capital was one of danger, ending in imminent peril; he owes his safety greatly to the court intrigues which split the family of the wretched Feysul—greatly, also, to his own courage. The midnight scene in the monarch's palace, which determined him on secret flight, is admirably effective. Through-

out his stay, danger seems to have whetted the edge of his adventurous spirit. He is full of description, anecdote, and more solid information. Nevertheless, we could have wished that he had visited the Wahhabees first, and Jebel Shammar last. His mind's eye still bears on its retina the image of the puritan, and colours his view of the Arab race generally. In his account of the Wahhabees, he presents his reader with a new view of the Arab in his puritanical aspect—one that is altogether modern, but not the less instructive. In place of being superstitious and reverent, he is here intolerant of saints and their tombs, disrespectful in his usage of holy things: instead of the extreme courtesy that historically marks him, he is rugged in his talk as any Cromwellian; he adorns not his sentences with religious phrases, but regards all such ornaments as degenerate redundancies. The desecrated temple at Mebbeh, and the rifled tomb of the Prophet at El-Medeeneh, bear a close analogy to the profanations that deprived England of the greater part of her church plate and her painted glass. The man and his creed are as hard and ungenial as the uncompromising Puritan. The picture of the Wahhabee, drawn by the Englishman, is true to the life. But it somewhat tones the rest of his book, which, we think, scarcely does the Arabs full justice. A theory that would assume Wahhabee characteristics to be such as distinguished the early days of El-Islám is certainly untenable; nor, perhaps, does Mr. Palgrave go as far. All history, anecdote, and national poetry disprove it; and, while some of the romance which clings to the Arab will disappear as we know him better, as it has fallen from the noble savage of other lands, we may be content to believe that the opinions regarding him held by educated men are not very far from the truth. Indeed, passages might be quoted from many pages of this book itself, which quite coincide with those opinions.

Apparently from the same cause, Mr. Palgrave has conceived a severe and (as we hold) erroneous view of El-Islám re-

ligion. Here he is writing with his Wahabee experience in his thoughts ; hence his severity ; but we are fairly at a loss to explain the far more serious errors of opinion into which he has fallen. His view of Mohammadanism must surely be unwittingly biased by the teaching of the Propaganda. Otherwise, he scarcely could have written so strongly against Mohammad's conception of One God, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. In truth, his attack is on these attributes, while he ignores others — compassionate, merciful, very forgiving ; we are almost tempted to quote the ninety-nine attributes in confirmation of our own opinions.

To justify the criticism by an extract :—

"One might at first sight think that this tremendous Autocrat, this uncontrolled and unsympathizing Power, would be far above anything like passions, desires, or inclinations. Yet such is not the case, for He has with respect to His creatures one main feeling and source of action, namely, jealousy of them, lest they should perchance attribute to themselves something of what is His alone, and thus encroach on His all-engrossing kingdom. Hence He is ever more prone to punish than to reward, to inflict pain than to bestow pleasure, to ruin than to build. It is His singular satisfaction to let created beings continually feel that they are nothing else than His slaves, His tools, and contemptible tools also, that thus they may the better acknowledge His superiority, and know His power to be above their power, His cunning above their cunning, His will above their will, His pride above their pride ; or rather, that there is no power, cunning, will, or pride save His own."

All which, and much more, he says he takes for granted, "monstrous or blasphemous as it may appear," to be "exactly and literally that which the Coran conveys or intends to convey." And he clenches this assertion by quoting a tradition (doubtful, as are all Mohammadan traditions) to the following effect :—

"When God—so runs the tradition ; I had better said, the blasphemy—resolved to create the human race, He took into His hands a mass of earth, the same whence all mankind were to be formed,

and in which they after a manner pre-existed ; and, having then divided the clod into two equal portions, He threw the one half into hell, saying, 'These to eternal fire, and I care not ;' and projected the other half into heaven, adding, 'and these to Paradise, and I care not.'"

The error into which he has here fallen springs mainly from a mistake in reading the Arabic negative. The tradition, correctly rendered, reads—"These [will be] in Paradise, and I shall not disapprove ; and these [will be] in the fire, and I shall not disapprove."

Nor do we find that the Kurán requires such contemptibly abject believers : "Your turning your faces [in prayer] towards the east and the west is not piety ; but the pious is he who believeth in God and the last day, and in the angels and the Scripture and the prophets, and who giveth money, notwithstanding his love [of it] to relations and orphans, and to the needy and the son of the road, and to the askers, and for [the liberation of] slaves, and who performeth prayer and giveth the legal alms ; and those who perform their covenant when they covenant, and the patient in adversity and affliction, and in the time of violence. These are they who have been true, and these are they who fear [God]."

True, Mr. Palgrave asserts that his reading of the tenor of the Kurán is the correct one, and prudently meets objectors by acknowledging that "heteroclit exceptions" are found therein, adding that they can only "be adduced in opposition to the great scheme of the work and its writer, when one feeble line shall prove Shakespeare no poet," &c. Assertion can, of course, be met by counter assertion. We can broadly say that he has mistaken the teaching of the Prophet, and quote passage for passage in his summing up of that teaching. But we are content to reflect on the causes from which sprang the religion of Mohammad, to weigh the utter degradation of belief in which he found his countrymen, to remember that while he endeavoured to raise their theology

to a lofty, almost inaccessible, height, he had to contend with the most miserable superstitions, that he dared not emancipate the Arabs from all their darling sins, that he therefore permitted, "for the hardness of their hearts," polygamy and divorce, and even excited their hopes of heaven by the promise of sensuous pleasures in Paradise; reserving for the most pious the highest heavenly pleasure in the contemplation of the perfection of the Deity.

Further, the author thinks he has discovered that Mohammad's teaching was aimed chiefly against Christianity. This may be so, but the arguments here adduced do not prove it. They rest mainly on the prohibition of wine, music, bells, sunrise prayers. The notion that wine was prohibited because it was sacramental among the Christians is almost too puerile to combat. Its effect among Oriental nations is too precious to be overlooked by a man of the Prophet's sagacity; and the counter-assertion that it "has, in fact, been not only tolerated by the Founder of Christianity, but even, if I may so say, patronized and raised to a dignity of the highest religious import, nay, in the belief of three-fourths of the Christian world, absolutely super-natural," is a sophism. The wine sanctioned by Christianity was not inebriating; that forbidden by Mohammad was—he himself drank unfermented wine. The anathema against music may be an error of judgment, or taste, if you will; but it can scarcely have been levelled against church music, while profane music is undoubtedly a concomitant of vice in the East. Whether the Mu-*eddin's* call to prayer is not more soul-stirring than the jingling bell of an Eastern Church we leave those who have heard both to judge; and, as to the prayers of sunrise, surely these were interdicted not because of any Christian observance, but because of the wide spread of sun-worship in Arabia.

The laws and injunctions relating to women belong to a subject too extensive for discussion here. Perhaps it is sufficient to remember that, mistaken and

wrong as they are, they effected a vast improvement in the morality of the Arabs. We deny that the domestic life of a Muslim necessarily "resembles alternately the stable of beasts, or the battle-field of Roman legend."

Had Mohammad's creed been the miserable cast-iron invention which it is in this book described to be, it is scarcely credible that all the events of which history makes us sure could have come out of it. The facts of the rise of *El Islâm* refute such wholesale assertions. Like most able reformers, Mohammad appealed to the intellect and the senses alike of his disciples. The result was the collapse of mediæval empires and the unexampled prosperity of a new religion and a new nation. Until the results of Mohammad's teaching are proved to be myths, we may decline to accept as true theories which negative history.

We might almost have spared ourselves any plea for Mohammad, when we read the conclusion of Mr. Palgrave's onslaught. "The tree is known by its fruit," he says; "and, should any of my readers, though I should be reluctant to suppose it, yet hesitate between approval and rejection of Coranic theology, its practical results and outworking in the *Wahhabees* capital, may help him to make up his mind." Here we have the root of all this misconception. Passing by what may be called the "insolence of novelty" displayed in his description of the *Wahhabees*—(not quite as bad as they are here painted)—we discover that he believes their testimony to be the true teaching of Mohammad—a genuine Reformation of *El Islâm*. As apposite were the notion that Puritanism represented apostolic Christianity. The *Wahhabees* are not Mohammadan Reformers, but Mohammadan Puritans, though, like the Puritans, they pretend to the better title.

Until recent years, Mohammad was unjustly condemned by European writers—he is now commonly praised over-much. Mr. Palgrave's theory represents a reaction. We await a philo-

sophical handling of a remarkable man who has left his mark on all time.

Another point, to which we must take exception, is of a purely literary character. We read, at page 311, "The lands where Arabic is at the present day spoken precisely as it was in the age of Mahomet, or even earlier, with whatever grammar and enunciation can supply to give freshness and perfection to its exactitude, are Djebel Shomar, Kaseem, Sedeyr, Woshem, and the northern half of Aared." This astounding assertion is refuted by the whole literature of the country—by the express opinion of the hundred and one native lexicographers who have made Arabic the richest of all languages in its dictionaries. For many centuries past, but one secluded district has been by these learned men believed to preserve the ancient language. In the face of this fact, it is simply incredible that a considerable part of the entire peninsula still speak that tongue, pure and undefiled. The great caravan route from the Euphrates to Mekkeh has passed through these districts for centuries past—nay, since the promulgation of El Islâm; and can we believe that the fact of

classical Arabic still existing therein as the spoken language has been overlooked by all the Arab professors, lecturers in the great schools of Cairo, El Basrah, and Damascus, who have passed along that road?

The latter half of the second volume narrates a tour round the coasts of the Persian Gulf, in continuation of the adventurous journey across the Peninsula. It is fully as entertaining as the earlier narrative, withal betraying a more practised pen. Take the description of the shipwreck, dramatically painted as it is—read it beside the voyages of that wonderful sailor, Sindbad of the sea—and then realize his frequent shipwrecks and hair-breath escapes. The Arab sailor is here portrayed to the life. We cannot linger over this portion of the book—though much might be said about it and learnt from it—but we quit it with less regret, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the regions visited are the least Arab of the Peninsula. We have thus far spent an hour with the pure Arabs, and may be content to hold our hand while the image of that wonderful race is still fresh in our mind. E.S.P.

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

To the Bishop of Cambray Erasmus was indebted for his escape from monkish durance—a great deliverance, for which he never ceased to be grateful; but the obligation went no farther. With a good income and great ambition Henry de Bergues was a profuse, mismanaging, needy man, who could neither pay the stipend of his Latin secretary nor muster up the ready money needful to buy that costly head-gear, a cardinal's hat. So the journey to Rome was never accomplished, and Erasmus had to maintain himself in Paris by such shifts as were then open to scholars. The chief of

these was begging: not that he literally went from door to door, as many of the poor German students at that period were fain to do; but, when he got introduced to any lover of learning or rich and kindly citizen, whenever his creditors grew importunate or his books were in pawn, he had recourse to this friend in need. Thus we find him writing to the Marchioness de Vere: "With the resources of literature and the consolation of philosophy, I am ashamed of my depression; especially when I remember how you, born a lady and so tenderly nurtured, have cares of your own,

"and bear them so bravely; and still
 "farther, when amidst the storms of
 "adversity I see you shining before me
 "a serene and steadfast cynosure. No
 "calamity can separate me from the love
 "of letters, and the slight assistance
 "which would secure the requisite
 "leisure you have both the means and
 "the heart to bestow." He then mentions what Mæcenas did for Horace and Virgil, and Vespasian for Pliny; how Paula and Eustochium encouraged Jerome, and in their own day how Lorenzo de Medici had befriended and fostered Politian; and, as these scholars had in their writings handed down their benefactors to all time, he adds that on his part no effort should be wanting so as to tell coming ages how in a far corner of the world, when letters were corrupted by ignorance and condemned by princes, and when Erasmus was by false promises and regal rapacity reduced to poverty, there had risen up a noble lady to rescue the one and enrich the other. On the part of the Marchioness there was no want of good will; but she was a kind-hearted widow, with numberless dependents and no definite notions of income; "hence her purse was generally open, but often empty,"¹ and, if no supplies had come in his way except such as were sent by French bishops and ladies of the house of Bourbon, the poor student might have died of starvation.

He had better fortune. Attracted by the fame of its University, which had no rival in Europe except Bologna, there were then in Paris several young Englishmen of distinguished families, Grays, Blounts, and Stanleys, who for guidance in their studies were glad to secure the services of so great a scholar. The only drawback was the absorption of that time which he had destined for the increase of his own acquisitions, and for the following out of his chosen pursuits: a drawback of which he felt the force so strongly, that although promised a handsome sum if he would *grind* into a bishop a son of the Earl of Derby,² he refused

the tempting offer. However, there was one of these pupils in whom Erasmus found a kindred spirit, and whose ardent friendship left him under life-long obligations. Amongst the places in France then held by the English was the fortress of Ham—a dreary stronghold on the swampy northern frontier, which we of these later days have learned to associate with the imprisonment of Polignac and Louis Napoleon. The governor of Ham was William Blount, Lord Mountjoy. Having classical tastes, he came to Paris to study. There he was so fortunate as to secure for his tutor the learned Dutchman, and kindred pursuits soon ripened into a warm affection. To Erasmus there was something delightful in the enthusiasm of his chivalrous and accomplished friend, and under the inspiration of such a guide and instructor the young baron became a great burner of midnight oil, to the immense disgust of footmen whom he had forgotten to send to bed.¹ On Erasmus he settled a pension of a hundred crowns, which was punctually paid for nearly forty years; and then he carried him off to his castle at Ham, and, as it was but a step from Ham to Calais and another step from Calais to Dover, he soon tempted his dainty and delicate friend across the Channel, and introduced him point-

Countess of Derby and Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. His half-brother, the King, had offered him a bishopric, but, much to his honour, he declined it till he should be better able to discharge its duties. After pursuing his studies somewhat farther, he became Bishop of Ely.

¹ In the dedication of *Livy* to Lord Mountjoy's son Charles, in 1531, Erasmus speaks as if the stout old soldier still maintained his studious vigils: "I thought I could not do amiss if these five books came into the world under your protection, when I considered what an insatiable devourer of history your father has always been, whom I have no doubt you will in this particular repeat. Although I do not wish you to be too like him: for it is his daily habit to keep bending over his books from supper-time till far on into the night, to the no small disgust of his wife and valet, and to the mighty discontent of the household: a course which, although he has hitherto pursued it without injuring his health, I do not think you should copy."—*Erasmii Opera* (Amst.) iii. 1359.

¹ Butler's Erasmus, p. 49.

² James Stanley, stepson of Margaret,

blank to the good cheer of merry England.

It was the England of Henry VII. rapidly recovering from the Wars of the Roses, and springing up into that sturdy manhood which was so soon to welcome the Reformation and then bid defiance to the Spanish Armada. It was a country in which Erasmus soon found himself at home. He liked its simple solid ways, its genuine welcome to the stranger, its ample hospitality. After the stale eggs and sour wine of Vinegar College, as he nicknamed his old quarters in Paris,¹ and these not to be got without grudging, it was delightful to travel where at any house you found "free fare and free lodging, with bread, beef, and beer for your dinner."² To his friend Robert Piscator (Fisher), an Englishman then in Italy, he writes from London, December 5, 1497:—"You ask how I like England. If you will believe me, my Robert, I never was so delighted. I have found the climate most agreeable and healthful, and along with politeness an erudition, not commonplace and trivial, but so profound and exact both in Greek and Latin, that, except for the sake of seeing it, I now scarcely care to go to Italy. In listening to Colet I seem to hear Plato. Grocyns' full-orbed sphere of knowledge who can help admiring? Than the judgment of Linaere, what can be more penetrating, more profound, more delicate? Than the disposition of Thomas More, did Nature ever fashion aught more gentle, more endearing, more happy? But why continue the catalogue? It is amazing how far and wide classical scholarship is flourishing here; so that if you are wise you will lose no time in returning."³

The first visits of Erasmus to England were in 1497 and 1498,⁴ and most of

the time was spent at Oxford. There the supreme attraction was Greek. Already one of the best Latin scholars in Europe, our hero, although upwards of thirty, had made small progress in the nobler tongue. But he felt the want of it intensely. He had already begun that collection of Adages which he shortly afterwards published, and, having exhausted the Roman writers, he perceived that the richest store of materials was still to ransack. Like a skilful mineralogist who, travelling along the bed of a torrent, finds jaspers and agates, or it may be golden grains, and who at once hastens to explore up-stream the auriferous soil or the rocky nidus where chalcedonies and cornelians lie buried: so, perambulating Plautus and his favourite Terence in search of proverbs and such precious stones, our scholar could not help perceiving that many of them were far-travelled and water-worn, and he longed to reach the Greek Parnassus from which these Latin freshets had swept them down. Besides, in translations he had tasted the wits and poets of Ionia and Athens, and, muddy and vapid as the sample was, it made him long to quaff the vintage on its proper soil, sparkling in the sunshine which matured it and giving back its fragrance

given up." But the Rev. W. J. Deane, of Ashen, makes it very probable that Erasmus was at Oxford in 1497 as well as 1498. See *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. viii. pp. 181, 182. We heartily join the writer in the *Quarterly* in his desire for a reprint of the Epistles of Erasmus arranged with a more careful regard to chronology. Of such a work there is a model in the nine quartos in which Bretschneider has brought out the Epistles of Melancthon, compiled from all available sources, often collated with the originals, and preceded by a chronological summary. The last and best collection of the Letters of Erasmus and his correspondents is that which forms the third volume of his Works in the Amsterdam edition (1703). It is much more comprehensive than any which preceded, a fair effort is made to observe the right order of time, and it has an invaluable index. But many of the dates are obviously wrong, and since the days of Le Clerc not a few additional letters have seen the light; as, for example, in the appendix to Hess's "Leben von Erasmus," 1790, in Hottinger's *Historia Ecclesiastica*, tom. vi., and in the above-mentioned collection of Melancthon's correspondence.

¹ Montacutum = Montacetum.

² Froude's England, vol. i. p. 36.

³ Opp. iii. 13.

⁴ The author of a pleasant article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. 106, p. 14) says, that "the short visit, supposed in the older lives to have taken place in 1497, and which rested on erroneous dates in some of the letters, is now

to the hills where it grew. And Greek, of which he had acquired some little knowledge in Paris, perhaps even before he left his native Holland, was now to be found in Oxford. Cornelio Vitelli had been there in 1488, "giving that most barbarous University some notion of what was going forward on the other side of the Alps;"¹ and now Grocyn and Linacre had imported direct from Italy a farther supply. In the society of these friends, the worthy pupils of Politian, of Hermolaus, and Chalcondyles, and in the command of books and manuscripts which they gave him, Erasmus soon made such proficiency as to write translations from Lucian and Libanius, and laid the basis of that sound and graceful scholarship which received the copestone and immortalized the architect when eighteen years thereafter he gave to the world the Greek Testament for the first time printed.

Erasmus came to England a scholar, and there he formed an acquaintance which went far to make him a divine. Writing to a friend in 1498 he gives a lively account of an Oxford symposium, at which were present his own host, Richard Charnock, Prior of the Augustinians, then dwelling in St. Mary's, and sundry others, under the presidency of an earnest and eloquent divine, JOHN COLET. When various topics had been ventilated, the master of the feast happened to say that the sin of Cain was trusting too little in God and too much in his own industry, so that he must needs cut up and cultivate the soil, whilst Abel, content with its spontaneous produce, was a keeper of sheep. The paradox of course brought up a general opposition, but it also brought out those clever plausibilities which cunning propounders of paradox usually hold back in ambush. As when a lapping, pretending to be wounded, draws the schoolboys far into the swamp, so the lame proposition drew half the company in full cry after it; and, nettled by the absurdity of the thing, and the impossibility of refuting it, tempers

waxed hot, and words grew high, when Erasmus said, "I will tell you something if you will promise to believe it." They all promised. "I met with it once upon a time, in a very ancient manuscript, so old that there was only one entire leaf which had escaped the mice and maggots. Shall I repeat it?" "By all means," they exclaimed. "Well, it seems Cain was an industrious man, but grasping and greedy. From his parents he had frequently heard that in the garden they had forfeited the crops grew spontaneous, every ear and grain of enormous size, and each stalk like the trunk of an alder. On this he could not help brooding when he saw his own miserable harvests, till at last he went up to the angel who guarded Eden, and begged a few grains of that wonderful corn. Says he, 'The Most High does not care about it now as once He did. Even if it should reach His knowledge, it is a matter of no moment: He will readily overlook it, seeing that it does not concern those apples regarding which He is so strict. Come now, you must not be a churlish sentinel. Are you sure that He who put you here is pleased with such rigidity overmuch? What if He would not rather be deceived? Is not His approval more likely to be given to industrious enterprise than to an ignoble sluggishness? And are you so charmed with your office? Once an angel, He has made you a gaoler; and, whilst we wretched men are shut out from our Eden, because we tasted too tempting an apple, in keeping us out with that flaming sword you are excluded at once from our Paradise and your own Heaven.' By such representations this good pleader gained his bad end. A few grains were pilfered and committed to the soil. They grew with great increase, till successive harvests were reaped, each larger than its predecessor. Then said the Most High, 'The sweat of the brow

¹ Hallam's *Literary History*, part i. ch. iiii. p. 128.

"seems pleasant to this man: he shall have it in full measure.' And so from every side came trooping God's great army—ants, weevils, toads, caterpillars, mice, locusts, boars from the forest, and birds from the firmament, and consumed the seed in the ground, the crop in the field, the corn in the garner. The angel, for unduly favouring mortals, was changed into a man; and, when Cain presented his offering of fruit, the smoke refused to ascend; and, seeing himself rejected, "he fell into despair."¹ By improvising this apologue Erasmus restored good humour to the company, and by throwing it into the scale of Colet, against whom he had hitherto been arguing, not only ended the debate, but gained still farther the golden opinions of his host.

For that host, barring his severity to little boys, we own a great affection. His father, Sir Henry Colet, had been twice Mayor of London, and of eleven sons and as many daughters John was the sole survivor. Opulent, well-educated, with his insular ideas somewhat expanded by travels in France and Italy, his fair and open countenance was the index of a generous mind, and his athletic, vigorous understanding was in keeping with his tall, handsome figure and manly port. Encumbered by no sentiment, and capable of no great subtlety, all matters submitted to his judgment he looked fully in the face, and, making up his mind on their own intrinsic merits, he was little influenced by the voice of antiquity on the one hand, or the allegations of casuists on the other. His serious and manly intellect had early learned to bow before the Word of God; but the strength of his religious convictions only gave to his attitude as a thinker and teacher an additional sturdiness, and twenty years before Luther published his Theses he was inveighing against indulgences and expounding the Epistles of St. Paul in a style which would have entitled any other man to martyrdom. Too much the Briton to be a Roman

vassal, and for the purposes of priestcraft too honest; with a courage amounting to hardihood, and which was incapable of concealing an opinion, and with wealth which made preferment no object; he was withal too high in favour with the young Prince Henry, and too popular to become an easy prey. Much lamenting the scanty Greek which made him insecure in nice or dubious passages, to Oxford students and the youthful clergy he explained the New Testament with the directness of a devout believer, and exhorted the Convocation with the frankness of a bold reformer; and, when his elevation to the deanery placed at his command the pulpit at Paul's Cross, in the language of Chaucer and Piers Ploughman,¹ he preached such sermons as the common people were glad to hear, practical and plain, and free from old wives' fables. The consequence was that in the early years of Henry the Eighth London was deeply tainted with heresy. In 1515 we find its bishop, Fitzjames, entreating Wolsey to release from custody his chancellor, then awaiting his trial for a barbarous murder: "for assured I am," he says, "if my chancellor be tried by any twelve men in London, they "be so maliciously set in favour of "heresy, that they will cast and condemn any clerk, though he were as "innocent as Abel." But, although his antagonists at last thought they had found a handle against him in a sermon which he preached against war at a time when the king was projecting a campaign in France, his good sense and openness made such an impression on the young and still right-minded sovereign, that, coming in from a walk with him in the convent garden at Greenwich, the king called for a glass of wine, and drank to the health of the Dean, with the reassuring remark, "Well, let every "one choose his own doctor; but this "shall be my doctor, before all others

¹ "Habet gens Britannica qui hoc præstiterunt apud suos, quod Dantes et Petrarca apud Italos. Et horum evolvendis scriptis linguam expolivit, jam tum se præparans ad præconium sermonis evangelici."—Opp. iii. 456.

¹ Opp. iii. 42-44.

"whatsoever." He was promoted to be chaplain to Henry the Eighth, and, when the times grew dangerous—for the Reformation had begun on the Continent—the sweating sickness came opportunely, and in 1519 he was rescued by death from the rage of his enemies. Their malice followed him in the grave; but, although they often spake concerning burning his bones, they were destined to escape till the great fire laid old St. Paul's in ruins in 1666.

First in his chambers at Oxford, afterwards in the deanery of St. Paul's, on his successive visits to England, Erasmus greatly enjoyed the society of Colet. A good way out of town, there was a retired village called Stepney. Here in a spacious house, such as befitted a former lady-mayoreess, and the widow of a wealthy citizen, lived Dame Colet, a dear old lady, nearly ninety when Erasmus saw her last, and so proud of her surviving son, and at his arrival brightening up so gaily, that he alone seemed compensation for all her sorrows. It was a small stock of any modern language that our scholar was ever able to acquire, and even his native Dutch he seems at last to have pretty well forgotten. Of English his works contain a solitary specimen, where he says, that when the jury bring in a verdict against the prisoner they say "Killim;" and with this illustration we think his apology must be sustained when he declined a presentation to an English parish on the ground of not knowing the language. Still, though the dame had nothing but her mother-tongue, like her guest she had a large share of mother-wit, and, with shrewdness and good humour on either side, they got on famously together. And here out at Stepney, amongst the snipes, and the orchards, and ploughmen, or in the wainscotted room in Doctor's Commons, the Dean and his visitor discoursed. They sometimes made merry on the monks and the other opponents of learning. "When I was prolocutor of the Lower House," said Colet, "it was in debate whether 'heretics should be capitally punished.

"One old gentleman was very hot for 'the affirmative, and offered to prove it from Scripture. Being asked to produce his text he quoted Titus iii. 10, 'Hæreticum hominem devita.' What 'could *de vitâ* mean but *ad mortem*?' No doubt there were many tales to match: such as Melancthon's divinity professor, who on the passage, "Rex Salem panem ac vinum obtulit," pointed out the virtues of *salt*, believing it to be a part of the offering as well as bread and wine; the provost's plea for not paving before his own door, "Paveant illi, non paveam ego;" and the commentator who, reading Aristotle's dictum, *ψυχὴ ἐστὶν αἶλος*, "the soul is immaterial," and taking it for *ψυχὴ ἐστὶν αἶλος*, "the soul is a pipe," gave fifteen arguments in favour of the tubular structure of the thinking principle.¹

The favourite project of the Dean, to which he gave joyfully away his large estate whilst living, was the establishment of a school where London boys, such as he himself had been, might be prepared for the Universities. He was so fortunate as to secure for the first teacher the excellent William Lily—the first schoolmaster who taught Greek in England, even as Vitelli had been the first professor; and, infecting others with his own fervour, he not only himself aided Lily, but he got Erasmus also to assist in preparing some of those elementary Latin books whose "*Propria quæ maribus*" and "*As in præsentî*" seem to eyes profane such frightful jargon, but which would canonize the authors did schoolboys only know the grammatical ogres which Lily superseded.² Born in the Mansion-house, or on the road to it, he had no contempt for little cockneys: on the contrary, he thought them singularly bright and clever, and, although Christ's Hospital, and Merchant Taylors', and the Charterhouse, and the City of London were

¹ See Knight's *Life of Colet*, 2d edit. pp. 51, 176.

² It was for the scholars in St. Paul's School that, at the instance of the Dean, Erasmus prepared his "*Concio de puero Jesu*," and "*Christiani hominis Institutum*," both in the fifth volume of the Amsterdam edition.

afterwards to spring up and divide the spoil, it was in the school then founded that young Londoners like Leland and Camden, Halley the astronomer, Strype the ecclesiastical historian, Nelson of the *Fasts and Festivals*, Cumberland of the *Weights and Measures*, and John Milton of either *Paradise*, were to receive their first lessons in useful knowledge, as well as boys not Londoners, like Samuel Pepys, Charles, Duke of Manchester, and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

If in starting the new school Erasmus rendered good service to Colet, it was no small benefit which the latter conferred on the sage of Rotterdam. With a few weak points—such as an excessive love of argument, and a bluntness which occasionally amounted to boorishness, and now and again twinges of parsimony following great fits of profusion, with one of which he chanced to be afflicted when his friend was in want of money.¹—Colet's was a very noble character, and he seems to have been almost the first divine whose enlightened piety and unaffected earnestness made an impression on our author. And they were sufficiently distinct to be the more interesting to one another. By taste and habit the one was a man of letters, lured on by the love of the witty, the brilliant, the beautiful; and, although he had lately written a short "*Manual for the Christian Soldier*," it was the work of a layman in canonicals. In subsequent times it found its counterpart in the "*Christian Hero*" of Sir Richard Steele, rather than in the "*Practical View*" of William Wilberforce; it was an episode in a literary career, rather than the effusion of an earnestly pervasive Christian spirit. But the other was more the theologian than the scholar, and, more than either, he was the man of God. If in the structure of his mind there was nothing sentimental, in his creed there was nothing superstitious, and Erasmus was delighted and somewhat overawed by a faith so direct and simple in union with

a piety so warm and self-denying. Like an elephant in a jungle crushing the nearest path out into daylight, with noble sense and straightforwardness, in an age of quibblers and sophistical wranglers, Colet forced his way direct to the Bible, and there for his intrepid truth-loving intellect he had found foothold as firm as the repose was welcome to his wistful, unworldly spirit. Not, What say the Scriptures? but, What says Occam? What says Aquinas? What says Scotus? were the questions which our traveller had been accustomed to hear in convents and colleges; and, instead of a text from St. John or St. Peter, the disputants chose a sentence from one of these subtle doctors, and then they defined and explained and distinguished,¹ till in the dusty pother the original particle of sense was irretrievably lost, and to the hearer nothing remained except a bewildered sense of confusion worse confounded. To the mind of Colet, at once masculine and devout, all this was a vexatious waste of time and an impertinent foolery. To him the Bible was the mind of God revealed, the one window through which on our dark world streamed in the light from heaven: the Bible was the window, and scholastic glosses were the cobwebs which monkish spiders had been spinning through all these drowsy years. Clear the windows! cried Colet. Away with the dust and the cobwebs and the desiccated blue-bottles, and through the cleansed limpid casement let the light come in—God's own light, for it is pleasant. Let us get at the very Word of God, if possible in its own original tongues; and, when we get at it, let us give it out to the people as plainly and exactly as we can. And, whilst he shared the joy of his guest at the revival of Greek, it was not so much because fountains of old philosophy were allowed to flow again, as because from

¹ See Jortin's *Life of Erasmus* (8vo. edit.) vol. i. p. 81; also, *Erasmii Opera*, iii. 107, 132.

¹ "Liber ille Parvorum Logicalium operæ pretium est videre, in suppositionibus quas vocant, in ampliacionibus, restrictionibus, appellacionibus, et ubi non!"—Sir T. More in *Opp. Erasmii*, tom. iii. 1897.

the well's mouth of revelation the stone was rolled away; and, whilst Erasmus had come to Oxford seeking to enrich his *Adages* with Attic gems, he could not but confess that the faith of his friend was a pearl of greater price. To the conversations of Colet, as well as his prelections on the Pauline epistles, Erasmus was indebted for clearer conceptions of primitive Christianity; and, when with grave and anxious urgency he pressed upon him theology as the noblest of the sciences, and the elucidation of Scripture as the worthiest bestowment of scholarship, Erasmus could not gainsay.

In those days there were no excursion trains, nor did Tunbridge Wells or Brighton tempt from his pestilential lanes the Londoner. But,

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the
rote; . . .

When Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tender croppes, and the younge sonne
Hath in the Ram his half cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye; . . .
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes."

Along with Colet, Erasmus made the pilgrimage to Canterbury, some time between the years 1511 and 1513, and with the bluff outspoken humour of his companion, he seems to have enjoyed exceedingly this holy tour. The grand old minster was in itself impressive as its towers rose up and gave the travellers stately welcome, and filled the surrounding region with that solemn old-world melody which sends the thoughts back beyond Anselm and Austin.¹ But pensive meditations were soon dispelled in the business which brought devotees from all ends of the island. St. Thomas of Canterbury was still a worker of miracles, and grateful worshippers paid their vows at his shrine. In the porch the first object which arrested our pil-

grims was three statues of stone,—"Tusci, Fusci, and Berri," *alias* the three murderers of Becket, Tracy, Fitzurse, and Bret, who ran mad after their frightful crime, and would never have recovered their senses but for the intercession of St. Thomas: "such is the noble clemency of martyrs." In a vault underneath they were shown the skull of the martyr encased in silver, with an opening at the top for the lips of the faithful. Here also still hung his shirt and girdle of haircloth, testifying against his effeminate successors. Remounting to the choir, such a store of skulls, chins, teeth, hands, toes was produced that they grew tired of kissing them, and Colet made no effort to conceal his impatience. At last, behind the high altar, and in a chapel golden with the effigy of the saint and ablaze with jewels, he said to the guide, "Good father, is it true that "Thomas while he lived was so kind "to the poor?" "Nothing can be "truer." "And in that respect I do "not think he is changed, except for "the better." The attendant assented. "Well, then, since he was so kind to "the poor whilst a poor man himself "and really requiring the money, now "that he needs it no longer, suppose "a poor woman with starving children "or a sick husband were coming and, "asking the Saint's leave, were to help "herself to some little trifle out of this "enormous hoard?" As the showman was silent, in his own blunt fashion Colet concluded, "For my own part I "firmly believe the saint would be "delighted, now that he is gone, to know "that his goods were relieving the poor." At words which so smacked of the Wicliffite (*Viclevita*) the guide looked thunder, and if they had not been friends of the archbishop (Warham) he would have at once turned them out of doors. However, Erasmus slipped a few coins into the irate custodian's hand, and told him that his friend was a great wag and much given to irony. In the sacristy they again lost character. There with much solemnity a black box was produced, and as soon

¹ "Turres sunt ingentes dux, procul veluti saluantes advenas, miroque nolarum senearum boatu longe lateque regionem vicinam personantes." *Colloquia: Peregrinatio Religionis ergo.*

as it was opened the spectators dropped on their knees and gazed with awe-struck devotion. Nothing, however, met the outward eye except a few rags of old linen; which nevertheless turned out to be very sacred. They were the remains of the holy handkerchief which had so often dried the tears from the eyes of St. Thomas, and with which he had no doubt often blown his blessed nose. The prior, who had by this time come in, knowing his visitor to be a man of no small consequence, asked his acceptance of one of these holy rags. The Dean only took it between his finger and thumb, not without signs of disgust, and threw it back into the box with a contemptuous whistle. "At this," says Erasmus, "my heart failed me, and I was agitated with shame and fear;" but the prior was a sensible man, and, pretending not to notice the indignity, he invited them to take a cup of wine, and dismissed them with due courtesies.

Much as he quizzed the monks, and merry as he made with their miracles, Erasmus would hardly have shown his contempt so openly as the gruff and courageous Englishman. On the other hand, Colet's contempt of monkery was only a result of his Christian sincerity, and to his more playful companion it was a great advantage to be in contact with a mind so profound in its convictions, and so serious in its search after truth. Although not in all respects congenial, by his manliness, his moral intrepidity, and his sterling worth, Colet, from the outset, secured the respect of Erasmus, who, in his turn, was not able to withstand those urgencies which were prompted by enlightened piety and public spirit, and of which this was the tenor:—"Oh, Erasmus, if I were as clever and as learned as you, I would publish the Greek Testament: I would give the world a plain and straightforward explanation of the Gospels and Epistles: I would do what I could to restore to mankind the Saviour's legacy!" For this end, he supplied him with books and manuscripts and money, and, from excursions in profaner

fields, continued to recall the wandering genius. Thus, in 1504, we find a letter from Paris, in which the truant pleads his apology:—"My dear Colet, words cannot tell how impatient I am to proceed with sacred learning, and how I fret at all interruptions. It was with this intention that I hastened to France, resolved to rid myself of those retarding tasks if I could not complete them, so as to give the rest of my days to divinity. Nevertheless, three years ago I did attempt something on the Epistle to the Romans, and wrote off four volumes at one heat; and I should have gone on had it not been for hindrances, one of which was a want of Greek. At this language I have been working nearly all that interval, and I think with some success. I also nibbled a little at Hebrew, but found myself daunted by its utter strangeness. Nor, at my time of life, am I able to carry on many undertakings together."¹ A few months afterwards Sir Henry Colet died; and it may have been in coming into possession of his large fortune, if not beforehand, that Dr. Colet began to allow Erasmus the yearly pension which Pace, Colet's successor in the deanery of St. Paul's, was asked to continue.² Nor were special largesses wanting, as well as words of hearty cheer. Thus, when at length the Greek Testament appeared, with its improved Latin translation, Colet writes: "I am variously affected. Sometimes I grieve that I am not master of Greek, without which I am nothing; then I rejoice in that light which the sun of your genius has poured on us so plenteously. . . . Do not leave off, dear Erasmus; but, since you have given us the New Testament in Latin, illustrate the same with your expositions, and give us on the Gospels commentaries as ample as possible. Your copiousness is real brevity, and to the healthy appetite the hunger grows. If you will open up the sense, as no one is better able, you will confer a vast obligation on those who

¹ Opera, iii. 95.

² Knight's Life of Colet, 2d edit. p. 203.

"love the Bible, and you will earn for "yourself immortal renown."¹ To the ascendancy of Colet over Erasmus, as well as to his substantial services, we are, in great measure, indebted for the theological deflection in the career of the scholar, and for those two priceless memorials of his sacred studies—the Greek Testament and the Paraphrase. Had Colet lived, no one can doubt which side he would have taken in the English revolt from Rome; and, had Erasmus remained in England till then, with personal security and the fortification of powerful examples, is it likely that he would have remained behind? But Colet died in 1519. Dwelling on his character, and that of another friend, Vittrarius, Erasmus concludes: "With such a fortune, the great thing in Colet was that he constantly went the way not of his own inclination, but of Christ's command: it is the nobler praise of Vittrarius, that, like a fish in a marsh not tasting of mud, he dwelt in a convent, and lived the life of the Gospel. In Colet there were some things which betrayed the mortal: in Vittrarius I never saw sign of human frailty. Jonas, if you will take my word, you will not hesitate to add them to your saints, even though no pope should ever canonize them. Happy spirits, to whom I owe so much, assist with your prayers Erasmus still struggling with the evils of this life, so that I may at last join your fellowship, never again to be parted."²

¹ Opera, iii. 1572.

² Opera, iii. 461. The loss of no friend seems ever to have affected Erasmus so deeply. Indeed, he repeatedly says, to Lupset and Mountjoy: "For thirty years I have never felt any death so bitterly." Knight has written a life of Colet as well as one of Erasmus; but in neither work is the obligation of the latter to the former brought out as clearly and pointedly as it appears to us. In many respects the two were remarkably contrasted, and there were some things in the divine which the scholar did not like; but the stronger and more courageous spirit first overmastered, and then upheld the weaker. Had it not been for Colet we might have had more of the classical scholar in the sage of Rotterdam, but we should probably have lost altogether the Biblical critic; and we cannot but be grateful

With Colet few are acquainted; but there was another Englishman of that day, his friend and admirer, with whom we are all familiar. The lawyer whose chestnut hair is better known than the chancellor's wig; the judge with the funny face, who made culprits smile when he should have made them cry, and some of whose merriest jests were spoken when all except himself were weeping; the philosopher whose Utopia anticipated Locke on Toleration, but withal the actual persecutor who once more bathed in blood the sword of Torquemada; the liberal thinker who could laugh at monkish superstitions, but, withal, the practical ascetic who put on sackcloth as if it had been the very robe of righteousness; the martyr whose noble frankness "gave the devil a foul fall," but whose small jokes on the scaffold have made solemn people wonder if, after all, he was not a luckless merry-andrew, who lost his head twice over: a man of this stamp, like a combative Quaker, or a clerical comedian, is sure to be popular. It is not only the amusement of seeing Democritus in the cowl of St. Dominic, or Punch on the great Duke's pedestal; but we fancy the humourist, because he does not exact a sustained and unmingled admiration. If Aristides could have only contrived to be nicknamed "the honest rogue," he need not have been ostracised; and, if William of Orange had been capable of an occasional *bon mot*, or had founded a new race of spaniels, the deliverer of England might have shared the loyalty which was cheerfully given to the stipendiary of Louis Quatorze. It is the felicity of Sir THOMAS MORE that, although one of the foremost names amongst England's worthies, he is not faultless; whilst, on the other hand, every failing is in such near neighbourhood to some great excellence, that none but microscopic eyes can see them apart from one another; and, if at any time we are ready to utter a severe or indignant condemnation, it is at once to the fellow-countryman who did so much to make him an affectionate student of the Bible and its bold interpreter.

arrested or softened by pity for the tragic fate which extinguished the brightest genius then in England, and reduced to desolation its happiest home.

That home the pen of Erasmus and the pencil of Holbein have made immortal. Fain would we transcribe the epistle to Ulric Hutten, in which the life of a philosopher at Chelsea, 350 years ago, is depicted as our traveller often shared it: the central personage himself, with his light blue eyes, and large workmanlike hands, and high right shoulder, drinking his favourite beverage, water, out of a pewter mug, and so passing it off for beer, and escaping from the Court at Greenwich with the unfeigned desire that the king and queen were less dependent on his society, and would leave him more leisure for his books, his monkeys, and his children. Our author is doubtless right in describing him as "a philosopher sauntering through the market-place (the world) without any business of his own, simply surveying the stir and activity of the buyers and sellers;"—himself always cheerful and resolved to keep cheerful those around him. It was to the credit of his genial humour that it flowed most freely at his own fireside; and, unlike many men of wit, he enjoyed the wit of others. An instance is mentioned where it even mollified his zeal against heresy. A heretic of the name of Silver was before him. Said the judge, "Silver, you must be tried by fire." "Yes," replied the prisoner, "but you know, my lord, *quick* silver cannot abide the fire." He was so pleased with this retort that he set the man at liberty.

The story is that the first meeting of the two wittiest men in Europe was at a dinner-party in the Mansion-house, and as the entertainment proceeded a young lawyer was spreading such fits of laughter right and left among his neighbours that, catching his eye, Erasmus exclaimed, "*Aut tu es Morus aut nullus!*" and was answered, "*Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus!*"¹ This mu-

¹ The story, which is of course impugned, is thus told by Dr. King: "Sir Thomas being

tual introduction ripened into a close and congenial intimacy. In the filial affection and the graceful accomplishments with which the future Speaker and Chancellor surrounded himself in his chosen retirement, the wandering friar witnessed a happiness and shared innocent pastimes which might well make him repent more bitterly his monkish vow, and wish for the sake of stunted affections that he could have seen such things earlier. Nor had More yet become a Romish bigot. The *Utopia*, advocating freedom of religious opinion, was published in 1516,¹ and in the following year Erasmus paid his last visit to England. There was, therefore, within the period to which their personal intercourse extended, nothing to prevent the utmost liberty of speculation and debate; and not only was the "*Encomium*

one day at my Lord Mayor's table, word was brought him that there was a gentleman, who was a foreigner, inquiring for his lordship (he being then Lord Chancellor). They having nearly dined, the Lord Mayor ordered one of his officers to take the gentleman into his care, and give him what he best liked. The officer took Erasmus into the Lord Mayor's cellar, where he chose to eat oysters and drink wine (as the fashion was then), drawn into leathern jacks, and poured into a silver cup. As soon as Erasmus had well refreshed himself, he was introduced to Sir Thomas More. At his first coming in to him, he saluted him in Latin. Sir Thomas asked him '*Unde venis!*'—*Erasmus*. '*Ex inferis.*'—*Sir T.* '*Quid ibi agitur!*'—*Erasmus*. '*Vivis vescuntur et bibunt ex ocreis.*'—*Sir T.* '*An noscis!*'—*Erasmus*. '*Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.*'—*Sir T.* '*Et tu es aut demon aut meus Erasmus.*'"—Quoted in *Notes and Queries*, third series, vol. v. p. 61. If there be any foundation for the incident, it must have happened long before More was Chancellor, a promotion which took place many years after Erasmus's last visit to England. Erasmus was acquainted with More in 1497, when the latter was a mere youth; indeed, so young, that it is surprising that he should have made such an impression on the illustrious stranger.

¹ Hallam, founding on a letter of Montjoy to Erasmus, dated Jan. 4, 1516, in which he mentions that he had received the *Utopia*, says it must have been printed in 1515. *Literary Hist.* 6th edit. vol. i. p. 283. The learned historian has for the moment forgotten that Jan. 4, 1516, O.S. was actually 1517: so that there is no need to throw the publication of More's great work farther back than the date above given.

Moriae," with its caricature of the Court of Rome, written under the roof of More, and dedicated to his host, but, like some others, it would seem as if the philosopher had countenanced a latitude of opinion which the statesman and lawyer found it afterwards needful to condemn. If all tales are true, it was not liberty of speech alone in which Erasmus indulged. Soon after a discussion as to the Real Presence in the Mass, the learned Hollander set out for the Continent. More had lent him a horse to carry him as far as the sea-side, but so pleasant were his paces that the borrower could not part with the beast, and in due time sent the owner the following epigram instead:—

"Remember, you told me
'Believe and you'll see;
Believe 'tis a body,
And a body 'twill be.'

"So, should you tire walking,
This hot summer-tide,
Believe your staff's Dobbin,
And straightway you'll ride." ¹

On the glimpses of old England, which we find in the letters of Erasmus, we would gladly have lingered, and in his company made the acquaintance of Richard Pace and Archbishop Warham, and Cardinal Wolsey, and Henry the Eighth; but those readers who have followed us thus far we shall reward by no longer taxing their forbearance. We shall only add that, if Holland is justly proud of having given birth to the great Restorer of Letters, it is gratifying to know that England was the first country by which he was fully appreciated, and was ever afterwards the coun-

¹ "Quod mihi dixisti
De corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis, et edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
De tuo palfrido,
Crede quod habes, et habes."

The story is told in Covell's "History of the Greek Church," p. 28. The following is his more literal translation of the monkish verse:—

"What of Christ's body to me
You said, 'What you do not see,'
Believe you receive, you receive it';
I of your nag say again,
Though with me he still remain,
Believe that you have it, you have it."

try by which that light was fed and fostered which all other lands admired. Like the Bishop of Cambray and the Marchioness de Vere, the Emperor Charles the Fifth promised him a pension; but in France and Germany it was then a failing to promise more than they could pay, and he was never much the richer for the fair words of his Continental patrons. But Mountjoy faithfully paid his yearly allowance of a hundred crowns; Archbishop Warham presented him to the parish of Aldington,¹ and allowed him to resign it, retaining from the benefice another yearly income of a hundred crowns; Colet too assigned him a pension, and from Warham and Tonstall, from Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, from Pace, and Mountjoy, and Queen Catherine he was continually receiving presents, horses and silver cups, crowns, nobles, and angels; so that it was not without reason that he said, "Whatsoever in the way of fortune I have, I owe to the English." "My sole reliance is Britain, but for whose help Erasmus would still be a beggar."² Indeed, as he tells Cardinal Grimani,³ it was his adopted country, and as a residence he preferred it to Rome.⁴ And he amply repaid the benefit. It was not only that the Greek which he learned at Oxford he went and taught at Cambridge⁵—the first in that long series in which the names of Barrow, Bentley, Porson, shine conspicuous; nor was it only that men whom here he met—like Lupset, Grocyn, Linacer, Lily—he filled with fresh enthusiasm for ancient learning; but the two great works which England enabled him to prepare, and which one Englishman in particular extorted from him, became such power-

¹ Had Erasmus entered on the cure he would have had for his parishioner the famous Nun of Kent, whose impostures made such a sensation afterwards, and involved so many victims. Her story is fully told in the second volume of Froude's History.

² The former expression occurs in a letter to the Abbot of St. Bertin, Opp. iii, 124; the latter in writing to Laurinus, 1632.

³ Opp. iii. 141.

⁴ Id. 115.

⁵ Gibbon.

ful elements in our country's spiritual history. It was not Luther who started the Reformation in England, nor Zwingle, but the Greek New Testament published by Erasmus;¹ and during the remainder of that century no single mind had such influence on the theology of the pulpit and the people as the author of the "Paraphrase." That work all bachelors of divinity were ordered by Edward the Sixth to possess and study, so that they might preach to their flocks its comfortable

doctrine. Elizabeth went farther. She commanded that a copy of the Paraphrase in English should be affixed to a desk in every church for the use of the congregation;¹ and, although the injunction might be imperfectly fulfilled, there can be no question that the master spirits who went farthest to mould the thinking and teaching of Elizabethan divines were, amongst theologians Melancthon, amongst interpreters Erasmus.

¹ Merle d'Aubigné's *Reformation*, vol. v. bk. xviii. chaps. 1, 2.

¹ See Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 144. Notes and Queries, vol. v. p. 332. Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. vi.

MACDONALD OF SLEAT.

WHERE wild the winds sweep o'er the lone western deep,
The towers of Dunvegan rise stately and proud:
Such the dwelling should be of old kings of the sea;
And Sea-kings of old were the sires of Macleod.

With a dull, sullen roar break the waves on the shore;
Wintry winds whistle, and shrill sea-birds shriek;
And one wide rain-cloud in a solemn storm-shroud
Wraps the big granite-mountains from basement to peak.

But wild though the night be, and starless the sky;
Though mountains stand mantled in solemn storm-shroud;
What care they within for the wild tempest's din,
Duinnhewassals twice twelve that hold feast with Macleod?

"Hist! Macleod, to thy gate there's a guest cometh late:
With twelve Hieland laddies a chieftain there stands:
'Tis a bold man that here seeketh shelter and cheer,
While the blood of thy father is red on his hands."

"When storm-winds are high, and when starless the sky,
To a guest at his door shall Dunvegan say Nay?
Safe shelter and cheer with a welcome are here,
Though my guest be the devil—or Donald the Grey."

Twelve Hielanders tall boldly enter the hall,
And before them a chieftain stalks stately and proud;
And a smile of scorn plays round his lips as he says,
"Macdonald of Sleat greets his foe, the Macleod!"

Six men to the right, and six men to the left,
At the foot of the board sat he down to his meal;
And before him there stood, an inch deep in the wood,
The chieftain's long dagger of blue, shining steel.

"At the foot of my board, where my gillies carouse,
Is no place at table, Dunthuil, for thee:
I have good cause to hate the Macdonald of Sleat,
But in this hall a chieftain sits only by me."

"MacLeod of Dunvegan : MacLeod of MacLeod :

Ye may revel and feast with your gillies in state ;
But the head of your board, when Grey Donald sits here,
Is behind the long dirk of Macdonald of Sleat."

They may frown as they list on their bold-spoken guest ;
They may frown as they list, and but little reck he :
They may clap hand on sword, Duinnhewassals and Lord ;
Still his look will be high, and his speech will be free.

Dunthuilm, for thee, since thy speech will be free,
It is well that behind thee a lassie should wait
That will one day be wife, and love dearer than life
A lad that loves dearly Macdonald of Sleat.

She whispers : "Beware ! there is treachery near :
Rest not on pillow of traitor thine head ;
But, chieftain, to-night let thy slumbers be light ;
Be the grass under foot, and the sky over head."

To a tower on the west went he,—not to his rest,—
To a tower on the western crag, massive and lone :
For, when next the sun shone, roof and rafters were gone,
And a thin smoke rose curling from bare walls of stone.

MacLeod, when he woke, saw the thin, curling smoke
From blackened wall floating toward mountain and glen :
"Ah ! soundly," he said, "they'll be sleeping in bed,
My bold-spoken guest and his twelve Hielandmen."

Listen, Dunvegan : listen : listen :
A pibroch sounds merry and shrill at your gate :
The fires of the night, that set rafters alight,
Left scatheless your foe, the Macdonald of Sleat.

Listen, Dunvegan : listen : listen :
On the green grass below 'tis a chieftain that stands ;
Thy guest of the night, and to left and to right
Are twelve good claymores in twelve good Hieland hands.

"Lord of Dunvegan, MacLeod of MacLeod,
To thee and to thine be dishonour and shame ;
For sacred his head is at board or in bed,
Though a guest be the foe of thy house and thy name.

"MacLeod of MacLeod, when the storm is abroad,
If by Dunthuilm tower ye pass early or late,
Ye will find my board spread, ye may sleep safe in bed,
For no traitor to guest is Macdonald of Sleat.

"But, lord of Dunvegan, look well to your steel,
By lake or on mountain or in the lone glen ;
For—God help me ! ye'll say, if by night or by day
Ye meet the Macdonald and his Hielandmen.

"With the long shining dirk, that is sheathed at my knee,
The blood of one lord of Dunvegan was spilt ;
And Dunvegan again with his life-blood may stain
The dirk of Macdonald of Sleat to the hilt !"

GALWAY; OR, THE CITY OF THE TRIBES.

BY PROFESSOR D'ARCY W. THOMPSON.

For the description of a place and of its inhabitants the flying tourist and the anchored resident are equally incapacitated. The one would be deficient in accuracy; the other in freshness. Even supposing the eyes of the former were a pair of photographic lenses, this ocular advantage would only aid him in the delineation of outward scenery. In such a place as the City of the Tribes one must linger for a while before he can fully appreciate how perfectly the quaintness of architecture and costume reflects the character of the inhabitant and wearer. But, perhaps, those are least calculated to judge of the striking characteristics of a place to whom these characteristics have been familiar from childhood. It is like as with the face of a near and dear relative, the beauty of which we never fully realize until she leave us, and go with her husband to the Cape or India; or until she may have crossed a wider and a deeper sea than either the Atlantic or the Pacific—a sea over which only such vessels sail as are at once both outward-bound and homeward-bound.

So it would seem to me that a comparative stranger like myself may possibly have found more food for observation and reflection in the streets and neighbourhood of Galway, than those to whom its streets and neighbourhood are as familiar as their parlour mantelpieces. Now I am sure I had not been ten minutes in this dear old town before I was struck and delighted with the picturesque irregularity of its streets. The city seemed to me a beautiful antithesis to ancient Babylon. We have all seen drawings of that imperial city of rectangles. The long wide streets, of terrace after terrace must have been admirably adapted for sacerdotal and military processions; but their symmetry and regularity must have rendered them altogether unpaintable. They would have

deadened the imagination of a landscape artist, and charmed the despotic fancies of a Frederick or a Napoleon. I think the architect of that great eastern capital must have been a man of practical ability, with an undue share of prose in his composition. There are many, and not unpleasant objects, that are impossible for painting purposes: a fashionably-dressed lady; a carriage and pair; an unimpeachable over-coat; and a shiny-leather boot. If we are in search of the beautiful and picturesque, we must throw away rulers, and squares, and compasses, and call in the elements of irregularity, unsymmetry, eccentricity. And the very genius of eccentricity dwells in the streets of Galway. You may seldom see two hundred yards ahead. I wonder what would be the length of the main street of the city, if a Brobdignag should take hold of it at both ends, and pull it out straight? Is there any accounting for this picturesque irregularity? Perhaps the architect drew his plans with a tremulous hand the morning after some great dinner-party; for, in the olden times, they were terribly jovial fellows here in Galway. Or, perhaps, when the mortar was still wet, and the masonry in unstable equilibrium, a westerly gale blew with unusual violence over the bay, and shook the city into zigzags. Indeed, this latter hypothesis is carried out by one interpretation of the city's Celtic name—the Place of Storms.

The grandest feature of Galway is the lordly river that flows through it. It is, like all rivers, on its way from the mountains to the sea, with some mysterious message to deliver; and it may not rest until the message is delivered. From the stream above the town, canals branch off, with all the power and will to do good service in their short journey. They have, unfortunately, too little work to do. Capitalists are capricious. There

is here a surplus population, and water-power unsurpassed in Great Britain; and yet, for reasons of its own, commerce holds scornfully and foolishly aloof, and bestows his favours on less favoured spots. Even so have I known a man of otherwise sound judgment pass slightly by a pretty girl that liked him, and marry a plain widow, the mother of ready-made children. The summer tourist never sees our river to advantage. To see it in its glory, you should stand upon the central bridge on a clear frosty night after a month of winter rains, and watch and listen to it as it goes foaming and roaring seawards, and on either side the bridge you would see the artificial waterfalls of the descending canals, glistening like molten silver in the moonlight.

My daily walks carry me over two bridges. From the one, I see the main river rushing impetuously on, and over a rocky bed dashing past imperilled bridges; and I think of the main and open stream of life, with the waves of which we must all, with more or less of success, go buffeting. From the other, I see the oily waters of a canal gliding on; and I know the waters to be of equable depth, and made so by artificial masonry; and the lazy, comfortable spectacle sets me thinking of the lucky people that hold government sinecures; or that pass venerable but useless years beneath the shadow of a cathedral close; or that fatten upon college fellowships; or that enjoy professional monopolies in some legal nook, some undiscoverable and mouldy court, civil or ecclesiastic.

It is a pleasant and an edifying spectacle to watch from the easternmost bridge by the Court-house the rows of fishermen at the water's side upon a summer's day, and the close-packed salmon, black at rest, or glistening in motion, at the bottom of the shallow water. You may see the silly victims raised from time to time, and the spectacle will, doubtless, set you moralizing. You have an allegory before you. We are all of us pushing our way against an opposing stream; our business it is to push right on towards the bosom of some upper lake; but we are all apt to

linger by the way, and to open silly mouths to catch painted flies, and the hook catches sometimes in our gills, and we are hauled out of the water, and good men say that there are a great many of us that may never see Lake Corrib.

However prejudiced even an old inhabitant may be in favour of Galway—and, of course, he will be very considerably so prejudiced—it is almost impossible for him to take his daily walks abroad without coming to the conclusion that there are a great number of stones lying about. I myself was so struck with this phenomenon on my first excursion into the inner country, that I came to the rash conclusion that, a second Layard, I had come upon the site and ruins of the ancient tower of Babel. And, on arriving at the college, I was confirmed in the idea; for I found one colleague discussing English literature; another busied with French, and German, and Italian; another, with the language of ancient Rome; and myself, with the language of the Archipelago; and I was convinced that with a geographical propriety we were placed here to perpetuate the confusion of tongues.

Of all days here the most interesting is the Saturday, or market-day. The suburbs send in their contingents of strapping peasant-lads, and pretty peasant-lassies, and philosophic-looking donkeys, and musical, unwilling pigs, not altogether without suspicion of their coming doom. It is wonderful to think from whence all this life can come. You see no hamlets or villages around to explain this sudden tide-rise in the flow of life. As Roderick Dhu whistled on the mountain, and the heather bristled into armed men, so, each Saturday before day-break, Barter gives his bugle call, and peasant lads, and peasant lassies, and philosophic donkeys, and unwilling pigs rise magically out of the silent, lifeless landscape of cold, grey stone.

It were well worth your while to rise before the dawn some market-day, and to take a stroll along the sea-road towards Barna. You would be appetised for breakfast by the delicious west wind blowing off the bay, and be put into

good humour by the singular panorama of character that would be passing before you. You would see scores of droll-costumed, pleasant-faced Paddies; some driving donkey-carts, and some driving, with more of difficulty, a team of leg-bridled pigs. If you were in a social mood, and gave a salutation to the passers-by, you would get in return a civil answer from every one of them. St. Patrick was a gentleman, as his name indicates. He left behind him, when he went to heaven, his mantle of good manners. John and Sandy have something to learn and borrow from brother Pat. But whence did the latter derive his singular costume? His knee-breeches are reasonable and picturesque; but how account for the chimney-hat and tail-coat? Ah, Patrick! Patrick! I fear you at one time took a fancy to the left-off clothes of gentlefolk! You would have consulted better for your taste and self-respect, had you stuck by some fashion of your own, or of your Celtic forefathers. Besides, if you must have a coat, why make an article of dress, ridiculous enough in itself, superfluously ridiculous by a double length of tail? And, if you must wear a chimney-hat, why sit upon it habitually, or kick it into that outrageous abnegation and defiance of all shape and form? A pleasanter sight, however, than even the pleasant-faced, queer-costumed Paddies, would be that of the passing peasant-women, young and old—the bright-eyed, blue-cloaked, red-petticoated Paddeens. You would think that all the nursery-books in all the land had become animated over night, and that all their pictured pages were marching upon Galway.

One remarkable and most creditable characteristic of this over-populated city is the total absence of beggars. I have, indeed, seen one old blind man, led along by the usual dog Tray; but from his neck he had suspended a little wooden box, containing a few articles of no earthly value for sale, and by this transparent but pardonable artifice he was eluding the vigilance of the police. He had been arrested, poor fellow, a few days previously, for appearing without his talisman. Even our dogs are

liable to a similar fate if similarly unprovided. The law ordains that every dog, allowed to patrol the streets, shall be so weighted with a timber-loaded collar as to render biting difficult, and speed impossible. The weights, I am told, were originally attached to the tail; but, in consequence of the spread of hydrophobia, the fashion was discarded in favour of the present one. No attention, however, is now paid to the spirit of the law. The letter is observed by the hanging of a tiny log of wood to the neck of every rambling cur. I have known a friend of my own to burthen the neck of his house-dog with a champagne-cork. In my earliest walks here I was greatly puzzled to account for this unusual fashion of canine necklaces. It seemed to me as though the curs were all doing penance, and that I had arrived in the middle of a dog-Lent. There is a more formidable burthen to be tied ere long round the necks of these street-wanderers in the shape of an annual tax. This load, I fear, will weigh down many an unsuspecting doggie to the bottom of our canals, there to study subaqueous botany tail upwards and nose downwards, steadied in that uncomfortable position by a brickbat-anchor—a talisman against all future ill.

There is an old man, whom I pass continually in my walks, whose costume is composed of several millions of rags. These rags are either fastened to the person of the wearer by some glutinous material, or—what to me seems more probable—are held together by some special interposition of Providence. I have an idea that this composite and mosaic costume was the original coat of many colours made for Joseph by his father; that it passed from the Ishmaelites to Phœnicia; from thence to Spain; and was brought by a Milesian colony to the City of the Tribes, where it has remained to this day. The aged wearer could no more strip his clothes off of an evening than a bear could doff his skin before wallowing in the water. For all the shabbiness of his outer covering, this old gentleman is no beggar in the commonplace acceptance of

the term. He has never once condescended to offer me a regular and formal petition. On every occasion of my passing, he has said, with a tone of meek and long-suffering reproachfulness:—"It's the ha'penny, your honour, that I never got!"

There are old women about by the hundred, some in gowns infinitely checkered, some clad with a simplicity that would have stirred Diogenes to envy and emulation. One old soul trudges contentedly about, arrayed in a very slightly-disguised mealsack. She appears to have made a hole in the bottom of it for the head to go through, and a hole at either side for the occasional extrusion of her arms, and to put it on as you would put on an ordinary smock. This soapless gymnosophist seemed as cheerful and contented when the frost was on the ground as she does now, when the sun is fit to bake us all, and send us into costumes simpler than her own. By many of these rambling old ladies I have, unhappily, been taken in charge. I seldom leave my door at morning, or enter it at eventide, but I have to walk beneath a shower-bath of prayer and invocation. I am wholly unconscious of having done anything to deserve it. With some of these good people I have expostulated, entreating them to go and bless somebody else, if it were only for a fortnight; and at times I have peremptorily, but vainly, desired them to go themselves and be——blessed too. One member in particular of this Benedictine Order seems to entertain a miserably poor idea of my spiritual condition, for she prays for me, to all appearance, absolutely without ceasing. My landlady has, indeed, threatened her with the police; but this persistent old Christian, supported by the purity of her motives and the legality of her proceedings, lays wait for me daily, discharges at my devoted head volley upon volley of heartrending—because utterly unprovoked—benediction.

But if beggars are rare, brats are rife. On a sunny evening every street and alley is swarming with urchins. An elephant could scarcely take three con-

secutive steps in the fish-market without stamping upon dozens of ragged, happy, little rascals. The fact is, Pat, like Harry VIII. is addicted to matrimony, but is without the burly monarch's love of change. When Nora has passed the outermost rim of early womanhood, if she be in possession of a feather-bed and a pig, she will not have long to pine for a Benedick. Pay sweet Nora a visit in some half-a-dozen years, and you will find her cabin-floor sprinkled with ducks, and geese, and hens, and pigs, and piglings, and black-eyed, curly-haired, semi-clad, merry little photographs of Patrick and Nora. Common things are usually held cheap. It is not so with regard to children amongst the poorer classes here. It is a singular phenomenon in social ethics, that the Irish Catholic peasantry should be purer in unmarried life, and more affectionate and self-denying in their after family-relations, not only than the peasantry, but than any class of any degree in more wealthy and civilized England. The Irish reaper sends from across the water his summer wages, almost untouched, to mother, or wife, or sister. The Irish emigrant in America devotes his first earnings to the procuring of free outward passages for his kinsfolk left behind. The servant-maid in Cork or Dublin, well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed, sighs for the smoky cabin on the bare hill-side, for the potato-diet and the red petticoat of her childhood; and will send ungrudgingly a large share of her annual wages to buy peat, potatoes, or a pig for the dear and dirty ones at home. The moral purity of the Irish peasant is attributable in a very great degree to the working of the confessional; his clannishness and affectionateness in domestic life are due to his Celtic blood.

In my walks I meet with certain oddities, who seem part and parcel of the place, and whose absence would create in my mind an uncomfortable sensation of vacuum. Half-way upon the sea-road sits a weird and crow-like old woman, who would make a capital witch in a pantomime. She has a little tray upon the ground, with apples or gooseberries for sale. I once made her

a trifling present, and for a fortnight she was aristocratic with oranges. But this was a golden age, a season of transitory grandeur. I never knew her but once with a stock-in-trade that could possibly have cost fourpence, and I have seen the same threepennyworth gradually moulder for lack of purchasers. She never seems to beg, and no one ever seems to notice her.

There is a tall, gaunt man, some six foot six in height, who walks peacefully but mournfully about, uttering no complaint, but leaving behind him an almost visible trail of misery. He was at one time, I am told, a respectable cottier; but the corn-laws came, and brought a blessing to many a manufacturing district in the kingdom, and in Ireland turned many a peasant-farmer out of doors;—the old see-saw of good and evil. God be merciful to such as are seated on the lower end of the plank!

I must also make special mention of a nondescript creature that might profitably engage the attention of a comparative anatomist. The creature is considerably below three feet in height, and walks about with a staff of its own length, and in a costume approaching the feminine. It has a jovial look, the creature; takes a penny, if unsolicited you should offer it, in a bluff and hearty manner, as though to reassure you, and let you know that there is nothing in the transaction for you to be ashamed of. This creature is to me a perambulating conundrum; an animated note of interrogation. I trust nobody will ever give me the answer. The conundrum, I am nearly sure, is either a man, or a woman. Indeed, I once saw this him-her going into church during Lent-tide for confession. Consequently, there will be some one in the world that knows whether this *it* is a *he* or a *she*. God be with it, be it masculine, or feminine, or neuter, or epicene! for it is a good-natured and a sunshiny creature.

The country walks around the city admit of little variety. If you take the north-easterly side of the river, and make for Lough Corrib, you will pass

over a land of solid limestone. Patches here and there of greenest grass afford excellent pasture. Such is the case with all grass upon a limestone foundation. Here, to all appearances, some fifty acres might support one goat. On the other side of the river, if you walk in a north-westerly direction, you will pass over thinly-clad granite until you reach a knoll, called Badger's Something. The name is, in reality, a Celtic word, the correct translation of which presents a trifling difficulty. From the summit of this hill of quaint denomination you have one of the strangest and most gloomily-beautiful of views. On every side are low, undulating grounds, studded close and thick with stone fences. It seems as though every acre were a book-cover bound in stone; or as though you had before you hundreds and thousands of pounds (not money-pounds). A hard and pitiless land. Valley upon valley of desolation. You would think it was the ruins of some old world, and that there had not yet elapsed sufficient time for its renovation. This would be the very hill for Deucalion and Pyrrha to descend. If they threw over their shoulders every stone they fell in withal, an empty world would be repopled in a fortnight. Look again; it is the skeleton of a land, off which the grassy skin and turfy flesh have been scraped by that old anatomist, Time. There were green forests hereabouts in olden days. Strange to say, there are multitudinous cots within the circle of your ken; but the grey cots amalgamate with the grey landscape. Here and there a film of smoke tells of underlying life. These cots are inhabited by a peaceful, orderly, moral, and religious peasantry. Alas! within another twenty years these honest people will be on the other side of the Atlantic, unless some sensible men of commerce come to make their own fortunes with having their wheels turned by the willing waters of the river Corrib.

But, although the inland walks, for all their savage grandeur, are a little monotonous, the westward sea-walk is magnificent. Arrived at the Blackrock upon the sea-road, you pass a stone stile,

and walk along a smooth terrace of green. You reach an isolated heap of stones. They seem loosely scattered. Look again; there is a method in the scattering. There are headstones, and footstones, and loose cairns between. Raise your hat, for you are on holy ground; in the burying-place of ancient mariners; in the churchyard of the Great Worm. Pass on, until over stone and shingle you reach the promontory ahead. When you reach it, be sorry it is not the month of May. For, were it so, the green grass all around you would be alive and merry with little Alpine strangers, the blue-starred gentian flowers. And now walk to the farther end of the bold jutting hill, and look over the undulating hills of County Clare, the great masses of hard limestone whitening in the sun's rays; and look westwards, where the isles of Arran lie—visible, if you come upon a lucky day anticipatory of rain—look, and see the western sun go hissing into the red sea; look northwards at the wide grey wilderness, and eastwards towards the broken outline of the old city; and, if the heart be not stirred within you by a spectacle so varied and beautiful and solemn, then God help you!

But apart from the beauty and grandeur of the scene, the promontory on which you stand and its brethren twain possess a peculiar geological interest. They are composed of limestone detritus, and are as full of granite boulders as a Christmas pudding of plums. They were deposited here by some great glacial drift. The limestone dust would percolate through the clefts and firths of ice; and ever and anon the ice-lumps would tumble over like wheelbarrows, and shoot out their loads of granite. Far inland you will see marks of the great drift in the rounded outlines of the lower hills; and, clearest of all, in great isolated boulders; petrified gods, stone Titans—mute, shapeless records of a dead eternity.

Again, from the lower part of the hill, look upon the shallow and narrow water betwixt you and the opposite promontory. If you dig some two or three feet deep, on the verge of low-

water mark during spring-tides, you will disinter a variety of beautiful shells, that are strangers to European shores. They are the painted homes or vessels of little mollusc-mariners, that sailed hither in the tepid waters of the Gulf-stream, thousands and thousands of years before the birth of Christopher Columbus.

But, apart alike from consideration of picturesque beauty, of geological and conchological interest, this hill is to my imagination consecrated by a strange and prophetic dream that I dreamt here one cloudless sunny afternoon. I dreamt that I was made dictator of this beautiful but ill-starred island for the space of three moons; that I made instant and diligent search, and had brought together on to yonder beach all non-resident noblemen; all idle, good-for-nothing gentlemen-jockeys; all rude, discourteous, and mischief-working proselytisers; all sheepless shepherds; the mayors and councillors of certain cities notorious for the rowdiness of their religion; all ecclesiastical editors; all political ecclesiastics; that one day upon the hill were stationed thirty bands of music, and that the pasture-grounds along the beach were crowded with a million of spectators; that the Great Eastern was at anchor in the centre of the bay, and that the non-resident noblemen, and the idle, good-for-nothing gentlemen-jockeys, and the mischief-working proselytisers, the sheepless shepherds, the unruly mayors and councillors, the ecclesiastical politicians, and political ecclesiastics went two and two into boats, to be embarked in the new Noah's ark, and to enter there upon a Kilkenny warfare; and that, when the ark was laden with its cargo of mischief and rubbish, it made slowly and majestically for the western sea; and that thereupon the thirty bands struck up a marvellous sound of jubilant harmony, and that the million of spectators shouted with a loud shout, and that thereafter the land had rest forty thousand years.

Let us on some one of our walks return from the promontory by the new Grattan Road, and thread the mazes of the Claddagh. This is our fishing vil-

lage. It consists of numerous disconnected little clumps of cottages, scattered about in reckless confusion. You may walk where you please, for there is no *cul-de-sac*. It is a Rosamond's Bower: a very dirty one, wherein you cannot go astray, and wherein is no Rosamond. Peep into one of the cots, and you have a sample of them all. A ground-floor, a thatched roof, a peat-fire, an old withered woman dimly visible through the peat-smoke, a gander, goose, and goslings, and a duck family about the doorway, a cock with his cackling harem perched on some beam inside, and some half-clad merry urchins teasing a black piggywig. And now you have seen enough; the smell of peat is too pungent to be agreeable. Your eyes are watering, and you have a sensation in your nose and mouth as though you had been smoking a mixture of soot and bad tobacco. If it be a sunny day, and near the evening hours, we may as well walk to the end of the western pier, seat ourselves upon its ledge of stone, and contemplate. Yon tall and stately vessels at anchor in the roadstead, asleep on their own perfect shadows, are discharging into barges cargoes of grain or guano. From round the lighthouse is coming a fleet of fishing-craft in long line, one by one, black-sailed, and freighted, according to the season, with fish, or peat, or seaweed. But there is a splash to our left: look, there are little sea-dogs leaping at low water into the sea some fifteen or twenty feet below them. Scarcely have they cloven the clear green water with their down-pointed feet, when up again they spring like corks, and away they go swimming and frisking like tadpoles. The transparency of the water beneath us is delusive as to its real depth; none of these leapers, unless he made a purposed effort, need touch the white sand with his feet. Observe one of these little fellows after he has undressed. Round his neck you will see a collar of cord, with a slip, apparently of leather, attached. This, I imagine, is an amulet, and has been blessed by the priest. The lad will cross himself upon the forehead and the breast just before he plunges—

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with his amulet on—into the water. Now this almost unconscious reference to religion, made by these peasant children in the midst of noise and play might suggest to one a few reflections upon the contrasts between Catholicism and Protestantism. The former might seem an adaptative garment, fit for wear on every day alike; the latter a robe kept clean and new by being worn on Sundays only. The former might seem a monetary system embracing notes, and gold, and silver, and minutest copper coins; the latter a silver coinage, where many pieces must be used to pay a sum of magnitude, and where no piece is small enough for trifling wants. But, bless me, I am wandering. As the tide is at its lowest, let us walk round by the fish-market, and see the river dragged for salmon.

At the further end of the fish-market is an old and broken and picturesque gateway. Over it, with your mind's eye, you may trace the words: "Ichabod, Ichabod." I trust, the glory will one day return again. At intervals in our streets you will see great stately mansions, that bespeak an ancient time of prosperity and wealth. For a long period Galway was held, as an outlying, isolated, and well-defended camp, by a small but gallant and resolute band of Anglo-Normans, in the midst of a numerous, fierce, and inveterately hostile population. Over one of the gates is said to have been inscribed: "From the bloody O'Flahertys, O Lord, deliver us!" After the subjugation of the native sept, the heads and leading members of the great houses or tribes of Galway engaged largely in the wine trade with France and Spain, exporting grain and cattle. The architecture of the old mansions is such as you read of in "Don Quixote," or "Gil Blas." You pass through an archway in the centre of the front façade into a square court bounded by the dwelling-house and offices. The mullions and ornamental work, wherever uneffaced, are Spanish in style. To the remains of one of the old mansions a singular and tragic interest is attached. A young patrician,

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whose father was head of a tribe, and mayor of the city, on his return from Spain as supercargo in one of his father's vessels, murdered the captain from motives of love-jealousy. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. But youth, and noblesse, and the special motive for the crime pleaded for the criminal, and no one had the will or courage to act the part of executioner. On the balcony of his own house the mayor vindicated with his own hands the terrible majesty of law. Galway had its stern fathers as well as ancient Rome.

' This old city has never ceased to be Catholic ; the vesper-bell has rung for centuries ; [the old cathedral stands, a venerable cross, in our midst ; but its vaulted roof of stone re-echoes, and on Sundays only, to the thin sound of rare Protestant worshippers. The Catholic sparrow gazes yearningly on the old nest, and thinks hard things of the Protestant cuckoo.

Religious discord has been for ages the curse of Ireland, the chief obstacle in the way of its mental and commercial progress. It is a melancholy fact that the city which has most disgraced itself by the perpetuation of religious animosities is the centre and nucleus of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. A Catholic city in the south may be placed second in the discreditable list. The established Church of Ireland has suffered greatly, and, perhaps, unfairly, in the estimation of the Catholic public, and of very many of its own members, by its supposed connexion with a society of zealous, well-meaning, but unsuccessful and indiscreet proselytisers. Every single lay Protestant gentleman, and almost every Protestant clergyman, with whose opinions on the subject I have become directly or indirectly conversant, views unfavourably the extreme measures adopted by this society. It was only of late that I was walking with two friends, whose attachment to our own communion is undoubted, but who have numerous friends attached to the older form of faith, when, at a turn in the street, we read on a large placard staring us in the face the follow-

ing words : "*The Hope of the Christian AS CONTRASTED with the Hope of the Roman Catholic !!!*" I cannot say which of the three felt the most humiliated by the perusal of this mischievous and most un-Christian insult.

If such a placard were posted up by the emissaries of a religious minority in the streets of Belfast, Aberdeen, Glasgow, or Manchester, the posters would be fleet of foot indeed, if they escaped out of any of these towns with a sound head and a whole skin. It speaks well for the forbearance of the Catholic clergy, and the orderliness of our poorer population here, that the periodical appearance of such indecent manifestos has never led to a disturbance of the peace.

And now, reader, let me tell you of a sad, but edifying spectacle, that I witnessed some six months ago in this old Catholic city. Early in the last spring, upon a certain day every shop was here closed till past noon, and the whole population was out of doors. A student of the college was that morning to be buried. The deceased had been a youth of excellent abilities, of good promise ; of kindly, affectionate, and loveable temperament. His death had been due to a most lamentable accident. His family were widely known, and universally respected. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of fellow-students ; and on the coffin were laid the student's cap and gown. There was only one conveyance in the funeral procession, and in that were seated the father of the poor boy, and a white, haired, venerable man of God—the Catholic rector of the parish. The father was a Protestant. The funeral service was read by two Protestant clergymen, in a church crammed with a congregation of Catholic poor. The priest stood by the father through the service in the alien church, and stood by him at the grave-side, supporting him through his moments of unspeakably agony. Where I was standing in the churchyard, was a group of little ragged children ; Catholics, of course. One of them spoke with an inopportune loudness, but was rebuked by a tiny

companion, and told to be quiet, and listen to the good clergyman. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings doth God perfect praise." Whenever, in future, I shall feel my Christianity waning into sectarianism, I shall call to mind that solemn and sublime scene; how the white-haired servant of the

Lord stood comforting a poor Christian brother, heedless of doctrinal differences in the presence of an awful sorrow; and how the ragged little Catholic chit preached, all unconsciously, a short sermon to me upon Christian charity and godly reverence, in a Protestant churchyard.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was a little dog that crept and moaned by Clayton's body, a little dog that knew no better, never having been taught much. It was a small black Swedish spaniel, skilful only in woodcocks, and pretty well up to a snipe or two, but actually afraid of a pheasant on account of the dreadful noise he made. She knew not any more than the others why her name was "Wena," and she was perfectly contented with it, though it must have been a corruption. The men said it ought to be "Winifred"; the maids, more romantic, "Rowena;" but very likely John Rosedew was right, being so strong in philology, when he maintained that the name was a syncopated form of "Wadstena," and indicated her origin.

However, she knew her master's name better than her own. You had only to say "Clayton" anywhere or anywhen, and she would lift her tangled ears in a moment, jerk her little whisk of a tail, till you feared for its continuity, and trot about with a sprightly air, seeking all around for him. Now she was cuddled close in to his bosom, moaning, and shivering, and licking him, staring wistfully at his eyes and the wound where the blood was welling. She would not let John Rosedew touch him, but snapped as he leaned over; and then she began to whimper softly, and nuzzle her head in closer. "Wena," he said,

in a very low voice—"pretty Wena, let me." And then she understood that he meant well, and stood up, and watched him intently.

John knew in a moment that all was over between this world and Clayton Nowell. He had felt it from the first glance indeed, but could not keep hope from fluttering. Afterwards he had no idea what he did, or how he did it, but the impression left by that short gaze was as stern as the death it noted. Full in the throat was the ghastly wound, and the charge had passed out at the back of the neck, through the fatal grape-cluster. Though the bright hair flowed in a pool of blood, and the wreck of life was pitiful, the face looked calm and unwrung by anguish, yet firm and staunch; with the courage summoned to ward death rather than meet it.

John Rosedew, shy and diffident in so many little matters, was not a man to be dismayed when the soul is moving vehemently. Now he leaped straight to the one conclusion, fearful as it was.

"Holy God, have mercy on those we love so much! No accident is this, but a savage murder."

He fell upon his knees one moment, and prayed with a dead hand in his own. He knew, of course, that the soul was gone, a distance thought can never gaze; but prayer flies best in darkness.

Then, with the tears all down his cheeks, he looked round once, as if to mark the things he would have to tell

of. In front of the corpse lay the favourite gun, with the muzzle plunged into the bushes, as if the owner had fallen with the piece raised to his shoulder. The hammer of one barrel was cocked, of the other on half-cock only; both the nipples were capped, and, of course, both barrels loaded. The line of its fire was not towards Cradock, but commanded a little by-path leading into the heart of the wood.

Meanwhile, Cradock had fallen forward from the steep brow of the hedge-bank; the branch to which he clung in that staggering way, had broken. Slowly he rose from the ground, and still intent and horror-struck, unable to come nearer, looked more like one of the smitten trees which they call in the forest "dead men," than a living and breathing body. John Rosedew, not knowing what he did, ran to the wretched fellow, and tried to take his hand, but the offer was quite unnoticed. With his eyes still fixed on his twin-brother's corpse, the youth began fumbling clumsily in the pocket of his shooting-coat; he pulled out a powder-flask, and rapidly, never once looking at it, dropped a charge into either barrel. John heard the click of the spring—one, two, as quick as he could have said it. Then the young man drew from his waistcoat-pocket two thick patent wads, and squeezed one into either cylinder. All at once it struck poor "Uncle John" what he was going to do. Preparing to shoot himself!

"Cradock, my boy, is this all the fear of God I have taught you?"

Cradock looked at him curiously, and nodded his head in acknowledgment. It was plain that his wits were wandering. The parson immediately seized the gun, and sowed the powder broadcast, then wrenched the flask away from him with a hand there was no resisting. Then for the first time he observed Caldo in the hedge, "down-charging;" the well-trained dog had never moved from the moment his master fired.

"Come with me at once, come home, Cradock; boy, you *shall* come home with me!"

But the man of threescore was not quick enough for the young despair. Cradock was out of sight in the thicket, and Caldo galloped after him. Wild with himself for his slowness of wit, John Rosedew ran to poor Clayton's gun, for fear of his brother finding it. Then he took from the dead boy's pocket his new and burnished powder-flask, though it went to his heart to do it, and leaped upon the back of Corabus, without a thought of Xenophon. Only Wena was left to keep her poor master company.

How the rector got to the hall I know not, neither has he any recollection; but he must have sat his horse like a Nimrod, and taken a hedge and two ditches. All we know is that he did get there, with Corebus as frightened as he was, and returned to the place of disaster and death, with three men, of whom Dr. Hutton was one. Sir Cradock was not yet returned to his home, and the servants received proper orders.

As the four men, walking in awe and sorrow, cast the light of a lamp through the bushes, they heard a quick rustle of underwood, and crackle of the dead twigs, but saw no one moving.

"Some one has been here since I left," exclaimed John Rosedew, trembling; "some one has lain beside the body, and put marks of blood on the forehead."

Each of the men knew of course, what it was—Cradock embracing his brother!

"A good job you took the gun away; wonder you had the sense though," said Rufus Hutton sharply, to pretend he wasn't crying; "I only know what I should have done, if I had shot my brother so—blown out the remains of my brains, sir!"

"Hush!" said John Rosedew, solemnly, and his deep voice made their hearts thrill; "it is not our own life to will or to do with. In the hands of the Lord are our life and our death."

They knelt around the pale corpse tenderly, shading the lamp from the eyes of it: even Rufus could not handle it in a medical manner. One of the men,

who had always declared that he had saved Clayton's life in his childhood, fell flat on the ground, and sobbed fearfully. I cannot dwell on it any more; it makes a fellow cry to think of it. Only, thank God, that I am not bound to tell how they met his father.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARK STOTE, the head gamekeeper on the Nowellhurst estate, was a true and honest specimen of the West Saxon peasant—slow, tenacious, and dogged, faithful and affectionate, with too much deference perhaps to all who seemed "his betters." He was now about fifty years old, but sturdy and active as ever, with a weather-beaten face and eyes always in quest of something. His home was a lonely cottage in one of the plantations, and there he had a tidy and very intelligent wife, and a host of little anxieties. His children, the sparrow-hawks, the weasels, the young fellows who "called themselves under-keepers, and all they kept was themselves, sir,"—what with these troubles, and (worst, perhaps, of all) that nest of charcoal burners by the bustle-headed oak, with Black Will at the head of them, sometimes, Mark Stote would assure us, his head was gone "all wivvery¹ like," and he could get no sleep of night-time.

A mizzly, drizzly rain set in before the poor people got home that evening with the body of Clayton Nowell. Long mournful sighs of wind ensued, the boughs of the trees went heavily, and it blew half a gale before morning; but it takes a real storm to penetrate some parts of the forest. Once, however, let the storm get in, and it makes the most of the opportunity, raging with triple fury, as a lion does in a compound—the rage of the imperious blast, when it finds no exit.

In the gray of the morning, two men met, face to face, in the overhanging of

¹ "Wivvery," i.e. giddy and dizzy.—
[1] "Weavery," from the clack and thrum of the loom, or, more probably, a softer form of "quivery:" the West Saxon loves to soften words.

the Coffin Wood. Which was the more scared of the two, neither could have said; although each felt a little pleased at the terror of the other. The one of strong nerves was superstitious; the other, though free from much superstition, was nervous under the circumstances. The tall and big man was Mark Stote, the little fellow who frightened him Dr. Rufus Hutton. The latter, of course, was the first to recover presence of mind, for Mark Stote's mental locomotion was of ponderous metal.

"What brings you here, Mr. Stote, at this time of the morning?"

"And what brings *you* here, Dr. Hutton?" Mark might have asked with equal reason. He wondered afterwards why he did not; the wonder would have been if he had. As it was he only said,—

"To see the rights o' my young meester, sir."

"The wrongs you mean," said Rufus; "Mark Stote, there is more in this matter than any man yet has guessed at."

"You be down upon the truth of it, my word for it but you be, sir. I've a shot along o' both of 'em, since 'em wor that haigh, and see'd how they thought of their guns, sir; Meester Clayton wor laike enough to shoot Meester Cradock 'xidentually; but never wicey warse, sir, as the parson sayeth, never wicey warse, sir, for I niver see no one so cartious laike."

"Mark Stote, do you mean to say that Cradock shot his brother on purpose?"

Mark stared at Rufus for several moments, then he thrust forth his broad brown hand and seized him by the collar. Dr. Hutton felt that he was nothing in that big man's grasp, but he would not play the coward.

"Stote, let me go this instant. I'll have you discharged this very day unless you beg my pardon."

"That you moy then, if you can, meester. A leetle chap coom fram Ing, an' we bin two hunner and feesty year 'long o' the squire and his foregoers!"

Nevertheless he let Rufus go, and looked over his hat indignantly.

"You are an honest fellow," cried Hutton, when he got his breath again; "an uncommonly honest fellow, although in great need of enlightenment. It is not in my nature, my man," here he felt like a patron, getting over his shaking, so elastic was his spirit; "I assure you, Luke—ah no, your name is Matthew; upon my word I beg your pardon, I am almost sure it is Mark—Mr. Mark, I shall do my utmost for your benefit. Now talk no more, but act, Mark."

"I oodn't a talked nothing, but for mating with your honour."

"Then resume your taciturnity, which I see is habitual with you, and perhaps constitutional." Mark Stote felt sore all over. Dr. Hutton now was the collarer. Mark, in his early childhood, had been to school for a fortnight, and ran away with a sense of rawness, which any big word renewed.

"Mr. Stote, I will thank you to search in that direction, while I investigate this way."

Mark Stote longed to suggest that possibly Dr. Hutton, being (as you might say) a foreigner, was not so well skilled in examining ground as a woodman of thirty years' standing; and therefore, that he, old Mark, should have the new part assigned to him, before it was trampled by Rufus. But the game-keeper knew not how to express it; sure though he was (as all of us are, when truth hits the heart like a hammer), that something evil would come of slurring the matter so feebly. But who are we to blame him?—we who transport a poor ignorant girl for trying to hide her ignominy, while we throttle, before she can cry, babe Truth, who should be received in society with a "Welcome, little stranger?"

With the heavy rain-drops hanging like leeches, or running together, as they do, at every thorn or scale of the bark, seeking provocation to come down the nape of the neck of any man, Rufus Hutton went creeping under, trying not to irritate them, pretending that he was

quite at home, and understood them like a jungle. Nevertheless he repented, and did not thoroughly search more than ten square yards. The things would knock him so in the face, and the stumps would stick in his trousers so, and the drops were so bad for his rheumatism; and, as it was quite impossible for any man to make way there, what on earth was there to look for?

In spite of all this, he did find something, and stowed it away in his waistcoat pocket, to be spoken of, or otherwise, according to the turn of events. And by this he meant no dishonesty, at least in his own opinion, only he pitied young Cradock most deeply, and would do all he could in his favour. At the side of the narrow by-path leading from that woodman's track (by which John Rose-dew had approached) into the far depth of the thicket, Dr. Hutton found, under a blackberry bush, a little empty tube, unlike any tube he had seen before. It was about two inches and a half in length, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Sudden as it was with the rain, and opened partway along the seam, it still retained, unmistakeably, the smell of exploded powder. It seemed to be made of mill-board, or some other form of paper, with a glaze upon the outside and some metal foil at the butt of it. What puzzled Rufus most of all was a little cylinder passing into and across the bottom, something like a boot tag.

Dr. Hutton was not at this time skilled in modern gunnery. He knew how to load a fowling-piece, and what the difference was between a flint-gun and a percussion-gun; moreover, he had been out shooting once or twice in India, not from any love of the sport, but to oblige his neighbours. So he thought himself both acute and learned in arriving at the conclusion that this was a cartridge-case.

"Mark, does Mr. Cradock Nowell generally shoot with cartridges?"

"He laiketh mostways to be with a curtreege in his toard barryel, sir."

"Oh, keeps a cartridge in his left barrel, does he; and fires first the right, I suppose?"

Leaving Mark to continue the search, Rufus returned to the hall, after carefully taking the distances between certain important points. He was bound, as he felt, to lose no time in making the strictest examination of the poor youth's body. For now, in this great calamity, the management of everything seemed to fall upon Rufus Hutton. Sir Cradock, of course, was overwhelmed; John Rosedew, although so deeply distressed, for the boys were like his own to him, was ready to do his utmost; but, as every one knew, except himself, he was not a man of the world. Unluckily, too, Mr. Garnet, always the leading spirit wherever he appeared, had not yet presented himself in this keen emergency. But his son came up, in the course of the day, to ask how Sir Cradock Nowell was, and to say that his father was quite laid up with a violent bilious attack. Dr. Hutton worked very hard, kept his mind on the stretch continually, ordered every one right and left. He even contrived to repulse all the kindred, to the twentieth generation, who were flocking in, that day, to rejoice at the manhood of the heir. From Old Hogstaff, who knew all the family, kith and kin, and friends and enemies, he learned the names of the guests expected, and met them with laconic missives handed through the closed gates at the lodges. In many cases, it is to be feared, indignation overcame sympathy; "upstart insolence!" was heard through the clatter of carriage-windows, very nearly as often as, "most sad occurrence!" However, most of them were consoled by the prospect of learning everything at the inquest on the morrow. What could be clearer than that Cradock must be hanged for Clayton's murder? The disgrace would kill the old baronet. "And then, it would be very painful, but my wife would be bound, sir, for the sake of her poor children, to prove her direct descent from that well-known Sir Cradock Nowell, who shot a man in the New Forest. Ah, I fear it runs in the family."

But their wrath was most unphilosophical, unworthy of any moralists, when

they found that Rufus had cheated them, all as to the time of the inquest. In every direction he spread a report that the coroner could not attend until three o'clock on Friday, while he had arranged very quietly to begin the proceedings at noon. And he had taken good care to secure the presence of all the chief men in the neighbourhood—the magistrates, the old friends of the family, all who were interested in its honour rather than in its possessions. As none of the baffled cousins could solace themselves with outcry that the matter had been hushed up, they discovered that kind feeling had made the scene too sad for them.

The coroner sat in the principal room at the "Nowell Arms;" the jury had been to see the body lying at the hall, and now were to hear the evidence. Six or seven of the county magistrates sat behind the coroner, and their clerk was with them. Of course they did not attend officially, their jurisdiction being entirely several from that of the present court. But there could be little doubt that their action would depend, in a great measure, upon what should now transpire.

The jury was chosen carefully to preclude, so far as might be, the charge of private influence. They were known, for the most part, as men of independence and probity, and two of them as consistent enemies to the influence of the Hall. As for general spectators, only a few of the village-folk allowed their curiosity to conquer their good feeling, or, perhaps, I should say their discretion; for all were tenants under Sir Cradock; and, though it was known by this time that Bull Garnet was ill and in bed, prostrated by one of his old attacks, everybody felt certain that he would find out who dared to be present, and visit them pretty smartly.

It would be waste of time to recount all the evidence given; for we know nearly all that Dr. Hutton and the clergyman would depose. Another medical man, Dr. Gall, had also examined poor Clayton's remains; and the healing profession, who cure us (like bacon) after they have killed us, are remarkable for

agreeing in public, and quarrelling sadly in private life. So Dr. Gall deposed exactly as Mr. Hutton had done. He was very emphatic towards Rufus, in the use of the proper prefix; but we who know the skill displayed pre-suppose the game certificate.

One part, however, of the medical evidence ought to be repeated. Poor Clayton had not died from an ordinary small-shot wound or wounds, but from a ghastly hole through his throat, cut as if by a bullet. As Dr. Gall, who knew something of guns, very concisely put it, the hole was like the hole in a door, when boys have fired, as they sometimes do, a tallow-candle through it. And yet it was fluted at the exit, in the fleshy part of the neck, as no bullet could have marked it. That was caused by the shot diverging, beginning to radiate, perhaps from the opposition encountered.

"In two words," said Dr. Gall, when they had badgered him in his evidence, "the deceased was killed either by a balled cartridge, or by a charge of loose shot fired within three feet of him."

"Very good," thought Rufus Hutton, who heard all Dr. Gall said, "I'll keep my cartridge-case to myself. Poor Cradock shan't have that against him."

Hereupon, lest any mist (which goddesses abound in, *vide* Homer *passim*) descend upon the eyes or mind of any gentle follower of my poor Craddy's fortunes, let me endeavour to explain Dr. Gall's obscurities.

Cartridges, as used by sportsmen with guns which load at the muzzle, are packages of shot compact, and rammed down in a body. Some of them have spiral cases of the finest wire, covered round with paper; others, used for shorter distance, have only cylinders of paper to enclose the shot. The interstices between the shots are solidified with sawdust. The only use of these things is—for they save little time in loading—to kill our brother bipeds, or quadrupeds, if such we are, at a longer distance. The shots are prevented from scattering so widely as they love to do, when freed from the barrel's repression.

They fly in a closer body, their expansive instincts being checked, when first they leave the muzzle, by the constraint of the case and the tightness of their brotherhood. But it sometimes happens, mainly with *wire*-cartridges, that the shot can never burst its cerements, and flies in the compass of a slug, until it meets an obstacle. When this is so, the quarry escapes; unless a bullet so aimed would have hit it. This non-expansion is called, in good English, the "balling" of the cartridge. And those which are used for the longest distance, and for wild-fowl shooting—green cartridges, as they are called, containing larger shot—are especially apt to ball.

Dr. Gall was aware, of course, that no one beating for a woodcock would think of putting a green cartridge into his gun at all; but it seemed very likely indeed that Cradock might have used a blue one, for a longer shot with his left barrel; and the blue ones, having wire round them, sometimes ball, though not so often as their verdant brothers. It only remains to be said that when a cartridge balls, it flies with the force, as well as in the compass, of a bullet. With three drachms of powder behind it, it will cut a hole at forty yards through a two-inch deal.

Whether it were a balled cartridge or a charge of loose shot at three feet distance, was the momentous issue. In the former case there would be fair reason to set it down as an accident; for the place where Cradock had first been seen was thirty yards from Clayton; and he might so have shot him thence, in the dusk, and through the thick of the covert. But if that poor boy had died from a common charge of shot, "Murder" was the only verdict true men could return on the evidence set before them. For Cradock must have fired wilfully at the open throat of his brother, then flown to the hedge, and acted horror when he saw John Rose-dew. Where was Cradock? The jury trembled, and so did Rufus Hutton. The coroner repeated the question, although he had no right to do it, at that stage of the evidence.

"Since it occurred he has not been seen," whispered Rufus Hutton at last, knowing how men grow impatient and evil when unanswered.

"Let us proceed with the rest of the evidence," said his honour grandly; "if the young man cares for his reputation, he will be here by and by. But I have ridden far to-day. Let us have some refreshment, gentlemen. Justice must not be hurried."

CHAPTER XXIII

It will have been perceived already that the coroner was by no means "the right man in the right place." The legal firm, "Cole, Cole, and Son," had been known in Southampton for many years, as doing a large and very respectable business. The present Mr. Cole, the coroner, who had been the "Son" in the partnership, became sole owner suddenly by the death of his father and uncle. Having brains enough to know that he was far from having too much, he took at once into partnership with him an uncommonly wide-awake, wary fellow, who had been head clerk to the old firm, ever biding his time for this inevitable result. So now the firm was thriving under the style and title of "Cole, Choape, and Co." Mr. Choape being known far and wide by the nick-name of "Cole's brains." Mr. Cole being appointed coroner, not many months ago, and knowing very little about his duties, took good care for a time not to attempt their discharge without having "Cole's brains" with him. But this had been found to interfere so sadly with private practice, that little by little Cole plucked up courage, as the novelty of the thing wore off, and now was accustomed to play the coroner without the assistance of brains. Nevertheless, upon an occasion so important as this, he would have come with full cerebrum, but that Choape was gone for his holiday. Mr. Cole however was an honest man—which could scarcely be said of his partner—and meant to do his duty, so far as he could see it. In the present inquiry he had less chance of

seeing it than usual, for he stood in great awe of Mr. Brockwood, a man of ability and high standing, who as Sir Cradock Nowell's solicitor, attended to watch the case, at the suggestion of Rufus Hutton.

Both the guns were produced to the coroner, in the condition in which they were found, except that John Rosedew, for safety's sake, had lowered the right hammer of Clayton's to the half-cock, before he concealed it from Cradock. Cradock's own unlucky piece had been found, on the following morning, in a rushy pool, where he had cast it, as he fled so wildly. Both the barrels had been discharged, while both of Clayton's were loaded. It went to the heart of every man there who could not think Cradock a murderer, when in reply to a juryman's question, what was the meaning of certain lines marked with a watch-spring file on the trigger-plate of his gun, it was explained that the twins so registered the number and kind of the season's game.

After this, Mark Stote was called, and came forward very awkwardly with a deal of wet on his velvetene cuffs, which he tried to keep from notice. His eyes were fixed upon the coroner, with a kind of defiance, but even while he was kissing the book, he was glad to sniff behind it.

"Mr. Mark Stote," said the coroner, duly prompted, "you have, I believe, been employed to examine the scene of this lamentable occurrence?"

Mark Stote took a minute to understand this, and a minute to consider his answer.

"Yees, my lard, I throwed a squoylo at 'un."

The representative of the Crown looked at Mark with amazement equal at least to that with which Mark was regarding him.

"Gentlemen," asked Mr. Cole, addressing the court in general, "what language does this man talk?"

"West Saxon," replied Mr. Brockwood, speaking apart to the coroner; "West Saxon of the forest. He can talk plain English generally, but whenever these people are nervous, they fall

back unconsciously upon their native idiom. You will never be able to understand him: shall I act as interpreter?"

"With all my heart; that is to say, with the consent of the jury. But what—I mean to say, how—"

"How am I to be checked, you mean, unless I am put upon oath; and how can you enter it as evidence? Simply thus—let your clerk take down the original answers. All the jury will understand them, and so, perhaps, will he."

The clerk, who was a fine young gentleman, strongly pronounced in attire, nodded a distinct disclaimer. It would be so unaristocratic to understand any peasant-tongue.

"At any rate, most of the magistrates do. There are plenty of checks upon me. But I am not ambitious of the office. Appoint any one you please"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the coroner, glad to shift from himself the smallest responsibility, "are you content that Mr. Brockwood should do as he has offered?"

"Certain, and most kind of him," replied the jury, all speaking at once, "if his honour was unable to understand old English."

"Very good," said Mr. Brockwood; "don't let us make a fuss about nothing. Mr. Stote says he 'threwed a squoyle;' that is to say, he looked at it."

"And in what state did you find the ground?" was the coroner's next question.

"Twearable, tweearable. Dwont'e ax ov me vor gude now, dwont'e." And he put up his broad hand before his broad face.

"Terrible, terrible," said the coroner, going by the light of nature in his interpretation; "but I do not mean the exact spot only where the body was found. I mean, how was the ground as regards dry and wet, for the purpose of retaining footmarks?"

"Thar a bin zome rick-rack wather, 'bout a sannit back. But most peart on it ave a droud up agin. 'Twur starky, my lard, moor nor stoachy." Here Mark felt that he had described things

lucidly and powerfully, and looked round the room for approval.

"Stiff rather than muddy, he means," explained Mr. Brockwood, smiling at the coroner's dismay.

"Were there any foot-prints upon it, in the part where the ground could retain them?"

"'Twur dounted and full of stabbles, in the perts whur the mulloch wur, but the main of 'un tuffets and stramots."

"That is to say," Mr. Brockwood translated, "the ground was full of impressions and footmarks, where there was any dirt to retain them; but most of the ground was hillocky and grassy, and so would take no footprints."

"When you were searching, did you find anything that seemed to have been overlooked?"

"Yees, my lard, I vound thissom"—producing Crad's stubby meerschaum—"and thissom"—a burnt felt-wad—"and a whaile vurther, ai vound thissom." Here he slowly drew from his pocket a very fine woodcock, though not over fat, with its long bill tucked most carefully under its wing. He stroked the dead bird softly, and set its feathers professionally, but did not hand it about, as the court seemed to anticipate.

"In what part, and from what direction, has that bird been shot?"

"Ramhard of the head, my lard, as clane athert shat, and as vaine a bird as iver I wish to zee. But, ah's me, her be a wosebird, a wosebird, if iver wur wan."

Mark could scarcely control his tears, as he thought of the bird's evil omen, and yet he could not help admiring him. He turned him over and over again, and dropped a tear into his tail covert. Mr. Brockwood saw it and gave him time; he knew that for many generations the Stotes had lived under the Nowells.

"Oh, the bird was shot, you say, on the right side of the head, and clean through the head."

"Thank you," proceeded the coroner. "Now, do you think that he could have moved after he touched the ground?"

"Nivir a hinch, I allow, my bird. A vell as dead as a stwoun."

"Now, inform the court, as nearly as you can, of the precise spot where you found it."

It took a long time to discover this, for Mr. Stote had not been taught the rudiments of topography. Nevertheless, they made out at last that the woodcock had been found, dead on his back, with his bill up, eight or ten yards beyond the place where Clayton Nowell fell dead, and in a direct line over his body from the gap in the hedge where Cradock stood. Dr. Hutton must have found the bird, if he had searched a little further.

"Now," said the coroner, forcibly, "Mr. Stote, I will ask you a question which is, perhaps, a little beyond the rules of ordinary evidence, I mean, at least, as permitted in a court of record"—here he glanced at the magistrates, who could not claim the rank of record—"which of these two unfortunate brothers caused, in your opinion, the death of—that woodcock?"

Mr. Brockwood glanced at the coroner sharply, and so did his own clerk. Even the jury knew, by intuition, that he had no right to tout for opinions.

"Them crink-crank words is beyond me. Moy head be awl wivvery wi' 'em, zame as if my old ooman was patchy."

"His honour asks you," said Mr. Brockwood, with a glance not lost on the justices—for it meant, You see how we court inquiry, though the question is quite inadmissible—"which of the brothers in your opinion shot the bird which you found?"

"Why, Meester Cradock, o' course. Meester Cleaton 'ud needs a blowed un awl to hame, where a stwoun."

"Mr. Clayton must have blown him to pieces, if he shot him from the place where he stood, at least from the place where Mr. Clayton fell. And poor Mr. Clayton lay directly between his brother and the woodcock?"

Mr. Brockwood in his excitement forgot that he had no right to put this question, nor, indeed, any other, except as formally representing some one formally

implicated. But the coroner did not check him.

"By whur the blude wor, a moost have been naigh as cud be atwane the vern-patch and the wosebird."

"Very good. That fern-patch was the place where Mr. Cradock dropped from the gap in the hedge. Mr. Rosedew has proved that. Now let us have all you know, Mark Stote. Did you see any other marks, stables you call them, not, I mean, in the path Mr. Rosedew came along, nor yet in the patches of thicket through which poor Cradock fled, but in some other direction?"

This was the very question the coroner ought to have put long ago. Thus much he knew when Brockwood put it, and now he was angry accordingly.

"Mr. Brockwood, I will thank you—consider, sir, this is a court of record!"

"Then don't let it record stupid humbug!" Mr. Brockwood was a passionate man, and his blood was up. "I will take the responsibility of anything I do. All we want to elicit the truth is a little skill and patience; and for want of that the finest young fellow I have ever known may be blasted for life, for this world and the other. Excuse me, Mr. Coroner, I have spoken precipitately; I have much reverence for your court, but far more for truth."

Here Mr. Brockwood sat down again, and all the magistrates looked at him with nods of approbation. Human passions and human warmth are sure to have their way, even in Areopagus. At last the question was put by the coroner himself. Of course it was a proper one.

"Yees, I zeed wan," said Mark Stote, scratching the back of his head (where at least the memory ought to be); but a wadn't of no 'count much."

"Now tell us where that one was."

"Homezide of the rue, avore you coams to them hoar-witheys, naigh whur the bower-stone stanneth. Twur zumbawdy yaping about mebbe after nuts as had lanced fro' the rue auver the water-tabble."

Before this could be translated, a great stir was heard in the outer room, a number of people crying "Don't ee-

now!" and a hoarse voice uttering "I will." The coroner was just dismissing Mr. Stote with deep relief to both of them, and each the more respecting because he could not understand the other.

"Mark Stote, you have given your evidence in a most lucid manner. There are few people more to be respected than the thorough Saxon gamekeeper."

"Moy un goo, my lard?" asked the patient Mark, with his neck quite stiff, as he at first had stuck it, and one eye cocked at the coroner, as along the bridge of a fowling-piece.

"Mr. Stote, you may now depart. Your evidence does you the greatest credit, both as the father of a family, and as—as a conservator of game, and I may say—ah, yes—as a faithful family retainer."

"Thank 'ee, my lard, and vor my peart I dwoan't b'leeve now as you manes all the 'arm as most volks says of 'ee."

Mark was louting low, trying to remember the fashion they taught him forty years since in the Sunday-school, when the door flew back, and the cold wind entered, and in walked Craddock Nowell.

As regards the outer man, one may change in fifty ways in half of fifty hours. Villanous ague, want of sleep, violent attacks of bile, inferior claret, love rejected, scarlet fever, small-pox, any of these may make a man lose memory in the looking-glass; but all combined could not have wrought such havoc, such appalment, such drought in the fountains of the blood, as that young face now told of. There was not one line of it like the face of Craddock Nowell. It struck the people with dismay, as they made room and let him pass; it would have struck the Roman senate, even with Cato speaking. Times there are when we forget even our sense of humour, absorbed in the power of passion, and the rush of our souls along with it. No one in that room could have laughed at the best joke ever was made, while he looked at Craddock Nowell.

Utterly unconscious what any fellow thought of him (except perhaps in some

under current of electric sympathy, whose wires never can be cut, up to the drop on the gallows), Craddock crossed the chairs and benches, feeling them no more than the wind feels the hills it crosses. Yet with the inbred courtesy of nature's thorough gentleman, though he forgot all the people there as thinking of himself, he did not yet forget himself as bound to think of them. He touched no man on leg or elbow, be he baronet or cobbler, without apologizing to him. Then he stood in the foremost place, looking at the coroner, saying nothing, but ready to be arraigned of anything.

Mr. Cole had never yet so acutely felt the loss of his "brains;" and yet it is likely that even Chope would have doubted how to manage it. The time a man of the world might pass in a dozen common-places, passed over many shrewd heads there, and none knew what to say. Craddock's deep gray eyes, grown lighter by the change of health, and larger from the misery, seemed to take in every one who had any feeling for him.

"Here I am, and cannot be hurt, more than my own soul has hurt me. Charge me with murder if you please, I never can disprove it. Reputation is a thing my God thinks needless for me; and so it is in the despair which He has sent upon me."

Not a word of this he spoke, but his eyes said every word of it, to those who have looked on men in trouble, and heard the labouring heart. As usual, the shallowest man there was the first to speak.

"Mr. Nowell," asked the coroner, blandly, as of a wealthy client, "am I to understand, sir, that you come to tender your evidence?"

"Yes," replied Craddock. His throat was tight, and he could not manage to say much.

"Then, sir, I am bound to administer to you the caution usual on these occasions. Excuse me; in fact, I know you will; but your present deposition may be—I mean it is possible—"

"Sir, I care for nothing now. I am here to speak the truth."

"Very laudable. Admirable! Gentlemen of the jury—Mr. Brockwood, perhaps you will oblige the court by examining in chief."

"No, your honour, I cannot do that; it would be a confusion of duties."

"I will not be examined," said Craddock, with a low hoarse voice; he had been in the woods for a day and two nights, and of course had taken cold,—*"I don't think I could stand it. A woman who gave me some bread this morning told me what you were doing, and I came here as fast as I could, to tell you all I know. Let me do it, if you please, in the best way I can; and then do what you like with me."*

The utter despair of those last words went cold to the heart of every one, and Mark Stote burst out crying so loud that a woman lent him her handkerchief. But Craddock's eyes were hard as flint, and the variety of their gaze was gone.

The coroner hesitated a little, and whispered to his clerk. Then he said with some relief, and a look of kindness,

"The court is ready, Mr. Nowell, to receive your statement. Only you must make it upon oath."

Craddock, being duly sworn, told all he knew, as follows:

"It had been agreed between us, that my—my dear brother should go alone to look for a woodcock, which he had seen that day. I was to follow in about an hour, and meet him in the spire-bed just outside the covert. For reasons of my own, I did not mean to shoot at all, only to meet my brother, hear how he had got on, and come home with him. However, I took my gun, because my dog was going with me, and I loaded it from habit. Things had happened that afternoon which had rather upset me, and my thoughts were running upon them. When I got to the spire-bed, there was no one there, although it was quite dusk; but I thought I heard my brother shooting inside the Coffin Wood. So I climbed the hedge, with my gun half-cocked, and called him by his name."

Here Craddock broke down fairly, as

the thought came over him that henceforth he might call and call, but none would ever answer.

"By what name did you call him?" Mr. Brockwood looked at the coroner angrily. What difference could it make?

"I called, 'Viley, Viley, my boy!' three times, at the top of my voice. I used to call him so in the nursery, and he always liked it. I can't make out why he did not answer, for he must have been close by—though the bushes were very thick certainly. At that instant, before I had time to jump down into the covert, a woodcock, flushed, perhaps, by the sound of my voice, crossed a little clearing not thirty yards in front of me. I forgot all about my determination not to shoot that day, cocked both barrels in a moment, but missed him clean with the first, because a branch of the hedge flew back and jerked the muzzle sharply. But the bird was flying rather slowly, and I got a second shot at him, as he crossed a little path in the copse, too narrow to be called a ride. I felt quite sure that I shot straight at him, and I thought I saw him fall; but the light was very bad, and the trees were very thick, and he gave one of those flapping jerks at the moment I pulled the trigger, so perhaps I missed him."

"That 'ee doedn't, Meester Craydock. Ai'se larned 'ee a bit too much for thic. What do 'ee call thissom?" Here he held up the woodcock. "Meester Craydock, my lard, be the sprackest shat anywhur round these pearls."

Poor Mark knew not that in his anxiety to vindicate his favourite's skill, he was making the case more black for him.

"Mark Stote, no more interruptions, if you please;" exclaimed the coroner: "Mr. Nowell, pray proceed."

"Dwoan't 'ee be haish upon un, my lard, dwoan't 'ee vaine un guilty. A coodn't no how 'ave doed it. A wor that naice and pertiklar, a woodn't shat iven toard a gipsy bwoy. And his oyes be as sprack as a merlin's. A cood zee droo a moksies neestie."

Craddock's face, so pale and haggard but a minute before, was now of a burning red. The jury looked at him with astonishment, and each, according to his bias, put his construction upon the change. Two of them thought it was conscious guilt; the rest believed it to be indignation at the idea of being found guilty. It was neither; it was hope. The flash and flush of sudden hope, leaping across the heart, like a rocket over the sea of despair. He could not speak, but gasped in vain, then glunched (to use a forest word, which means gulped down a sob), and fell back into John Rosedew's arms, faint, and stark, and rigid.

The process of his mind which led him to the shores of light—but only for a little glimpse, a glimpse and then all dark again—was somewhat on this wise: "Only a bullet, or balled cartridge, at the distance I was from him, could have killed my darling Viley on the spot, as I saw him dead, with the hole cut through him. I am *almost* sure that my cartridge was in the left barrel of the gun, where I always put it. And now it is clear that the left barrel killed that unlucky bird, and killed him with shot flying separate, so the cartridge must have opened. Viley, too, was ten feet under the height the bird was flying. I don't believe that *I hit him at all*. I had loose shot in my right barrel; the one that sent so random, on account of the branch that struck it. I am *almost* sure I had, and I fired quite straight with the left barrel. God is good, the great God is merciful, after all I thought of Him." No wonder that he fainted away, in the sudden reaction.

There is no need to dwell any longer on the misery of that inquest. The principal evidence has been given. The place where Craddock stood in the hedge, and the place where Clayton fell and died; how poor Craddock saw him first, in the very act of jumping, and hung like a nut-shuck, paralysed; how he ran back to his dead twin-brother and could not believe in his death, and went through the woods like a madman, with nothing warm about him, except his

brother's blood,—all this, I think, is clear enough, as it had long been to the jury, and now was to the coroner. Only Craddock awoke from his hope—what did he care for their verdict? He awoke from his hope not in his moral—that there could be no doubt of—but in his manual innocence; when, to face all circumstances, he had nothing but weak habit. He could not swear, he could not even feel confident (and we want three times three for swearing, that barbarous institution) that he had rammed the cartridge down the left barrel, and the charge of shot down the right. All he could say was this, that it was a very odd thing if he had not.

The oddity of a thing is seldom enough to establish its contrary, in the teeth of all evidence. So the jury found that "Violet Clayton Nowell had died from a gunshot wound, inflicted accidentally by his brother Craddock Nowell, whom, after careful consideration, they absolved from all blame."

CHAPTER XXIV.

RUFUS HUTTON rode home that night to Geopharmaey Lodge. He had worked unusually hard, even for a man of his activity, during the last three days, and he wanted to see his Rosa again, and talk it all over with her. Of course he had cancelled her invitation, as well as that of all others, under the wretched circumstances. But before he went, he saw Craddock Nowell safe in the hands of the rector, for he could not induce him to go to the Hall, and did not think it fair towards his wife, now in her delicate health, to invite him to the Lodge. And even if he had done so, Craddock would not have gone with him.

If we strike the average of mankind, we shall find Rufus Hutton above it. He had his many littlenesses—and which of us has few?—his oddities of mind and manner, even his want of charity, and his practical faith in selfishness; none the less for all of that there were many people who loved him. And those of us who are loved of any—save parents, wife, or daughter—loved, I

mean, as the word is felt and not interpreted,—with warmth of heart, and moistened eyes (when good or ill befalls us); any such may have no doubt of being loved by God.

All this while, Sir Cradock Nowell had been alone; and, as Homer has it, "feeding on his heart." Ever since that fearful time, when, going home to his happy dinner with a few choice friends, he had overtaken some dark thing, which he would not let them hide from him,—ever since that awful moment when he saw what it was, the father had not taken food, nor comfort of God or man.

All they did—well-meaning people—was of no avail. It was not of disgrace he thought, of one son being murdered, and the other son his murderer; he did not count his generations, score the number of baronets, and weep for the slur upon them; rave of his painted scutcheon, and howl because this was a dab on it. He simply groaned and could not eat, because he had lost his son—his own, his sweet, his best beloved son.

As for Cradock, the father hoped—for he had not now the energy to care very much about it—that he might not *happen* henceforth to meet him (for all things now were of luck) more than once a month perhaps; and then they need not say much. He never could care for him any more; of that he felt as sure as if his heart were become a tombstone.

Young Cradock, though they coaxed and petted, wept before him at the parson's, and still more behind him, and felt for him so truly deeply that at last he burst out crying (which did him heaven's own good)—Cradock, on his part, would not go to his father, until he should be asked for. He felt that he could go on his knees, and crawl along in abasement, for having robbed the old gray man of all he loved on earth. Only his father must ask for him, or at least give him leave to come.

Perhaps he was wrong. Let others say. But in the depths of his grief he felt the need of a father's love; and so

his agony was embittered because he got no signs of it. Let us turn to luckier people.

"Rufus, why, my darling Rufus, how much more are you going to put on that little piece of ground, no bigger than my work-table?"

Mrs. Hutton had been brought up to "call a spade a spade;" and she extended this wise nomenclature to the contents of the spade as well.

"Rosa, why, my darling Rosa, that bed contains one hundred and twenty-five feet. Now according to the great Justus Liebig, and his mineral theory—"

"One hundred and twenty-five feet, Rue! And I could jump across it! I am sure it is not half so long as my silk measure in the shell, dear!"

"Dearest Rosa, just consider: my pet, get out your tablets, for you are nothing at mental arithmetic."

"Indeed! Well, you never used to tell me things like that, Rufus!"

"Well, perhaps I didn't, Roe. I would have forsworn to any extent, when I saw you among the gilliflowers. But now, my darling, I have got you; and from a lofty feeling, I am bound to tell the truth. Consider the interests, Rosa—"

"Go along with your nonsense, Rue. You talk below your great understanding, because you think it suits me."

"Perhaps I do," said Rufus, "perhaps I do now and then, my dear: you always hit the truth so. But is it not better to do that than to talk Greek to my Rosa?"

"I am sure I don't know; and I am sure I don't care either. When have I heard you say anything, Rufus, so wonderful, and so out of the way, that I, *poor I*, couldn't understand it? Please to tell me that, Rufus."

"My darling, consider. You are exciting yourself so fearfully. You make me shake all over."

"Then you should not say such things to me, Rufus. Why, Rue, you are quite pale!"—What an impossibility! She might have boiled him in soda without bringing him to a shrimp-colour.—

"Come into the house this moment, I

insist upon it, and have two glasses of sherry. And you *do* say very wonderful things, much too clever for me, Rufus; and indeed, I believe, too clever for any woman in the world, even the one that wrote Homer."

Rosa Hutton ran into the house, and sought for the keys high and low; then got the decanter at last out of the cellaret, and brought out a bumper of wine. Crafty Rufus stopped outside, thoroughly absorbed in an autumn rose; knowing that she liked to do it for him, and glad to have it done for him.

"Not a drop, unless you drink first, dear. Rosa, here under the weeping elm: you are not afraid of the girls who are making the bed, I hope!"

"I should rather hope not, indeed! Rue, dear, my best love to you. Do you think I'd keep a girl in the house I was afraid to see through the window?"

To prove her spirit, Mrs. Hutton tossed a glass of wine off, although she seldom took it, and it was not twelve o'clock yet. Rufus looked on with some dismay, till he saw she had got the decanter.

"Well done, Rosa! What good it does me to see you take a mere drop of wine! You are bound now to obey me. Roe, my love, your very best health, and that involves my own. You're not heavy on my shoulder, love."

"No, dear, I know that: you are so very strong. But don't you see the boy coming? And that hole among the branches! And the leaves coming off too! Oh, do let me go in a moment, Rue!"

"Confound that boy! I'm blest if he isn't always after me."

The boy, however, or man as he called himself, was far too important a personage in their domestic economy to be confounded audibly. Gardener, groom, page, footman, knife-boy, and coachman, all in one; a long, loose, knock-kneed, big-footed, what they would call in the forest a "yaping, shammocking gally-bagger." His name was Jonah, and he came from Buckinghamshire, and had a fine drawl of his own, quite different from that of Ytene, which he looked upon as a barbarism.

"Plase sir, Maister Reevers ave a zent them traases as us hardered." Jonah's eyes, throughout this speech, which occupied him at least a minute, were fixed upon the decanter, with ineffable admiration at the glow of the wine now the sun was upon it.

"Then, Jonah, my boy," cried Rufus Hutton, all animation in a moment, "I have a great mind to give you sixpence. Rosa, give me another glass of sherry. Here's to the health of the great horticulturist, Rivers! Most obliging of him to send my trees so early, and before the leaves are off. Come along, Roe, you love to see trees unpacked, and eat the fruit by anticipation. I believe you'll expect them to blossom and bear by Christmas, as St. Anthony made the vines do."

"Well, darling, and so they ought, with such a gardener as you to manage them. —Jonah, you shall have a glass of wine, to drink the health of the trees.—He has never taken his eyes off the decanter, ever since he came up, poor boy."

Rosa was very good-natured, and accustomed to farm-house geniality. Rufus laughed and whispered, "My love, my Indian sherry!"

"Can't help it," said Mrs. Hutton, "less chance of its disagreeing with him. Here, Jonah, you won't mind drinking after your master."

"Here be vaine health to all on us," said Jonah, scraping the gravel and putting up one finger as he had seen the militia men do (in imitation of the regulars); "and may us nayver know no taimse warse than the prasent mawment."

"Hear, hear!" cried Rufus Hutton; "now, come along, and cut the cords, boy."

Dr. Hutton set off sharply, with Rosa on his arm, for he did not feel at all sure but what Jonah's exalted sentiment might elicit, at any rate, half a glass more of sherry. They found the trees packed beautifully; a long cone like a giant lobster-pot, weighing nearly two hundredweight, thatched with straw, and wattled round, and corded over that.

"Out with your knife and cut the cords, boy."

"Well, Rufus, you *are* extravagant!"—"Rather fine, that," thought Dr. Hutton, "after playing such pranks with my sherry!"—"Jonah, I won't have a bit of the string cut. I want every atom of it. What's the good of your having hands if you can't untie it?"

At last they got the great parcel open, and strewed all the lawn with litter. There were trees of every sort, as tight as sardines in a case, with many leaves still hanging on them, and the roots tied up in moss. Half a dozen standard apples; half a hundred pyramid pears, the prettiest things imaginable, furnished all round like a cypress, and thick with blossom-spurs; then young wall-trees, two years' trained, tied to crossed sticks, and drawn up with bast, like the frame of a schoolboy's kite; around the roots and in among them were little roses in pots No. 60, wrapped in moss, and webbed with bast; and the smell of the whole was glorious.

"Hurrah!" cried Rufus, dancing, "no nurseries in the kingdom, nor in the world, except Sawbridgeworth, could send out such a lot of trees, perfect in shape, every one of them, and every one of them true to sort. What a bore that I've got to go again to Nowelhurst to-day! Rosa dear; every one of these trees ought to be planted to-day. The very essence of early planting (which in my opinion saves a twelvemonth) is never to let the roots get dry. These peach-trees in a fortnight will have got hold of the ground, and be thinking of growing again; and the leaves, if properly treated, will never have flagged at all. Oh, I wish you could see to it, Rosa."

"Well, dear Rufus, and so I can. To please you, I don't mind at all throwing aside my banner-screen, and leaving my letter to cousin Magnolia."

"No, no. I don't mean that. I mean, how I wish you understood it."

"Understood it, Rue! Well, I'm sure! As if anybody couldn't plant a tree! And I, who had a pair of gardening gloves when I was only that high!"

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"Roe, now listen to me. Not one in a hundred even of professional gardeners, who have been at it all their lives, knows how to plant a tree."

"Well, then, Rufus, if that is the case, I think it very absurd of you to expect that I should. But Jonah will teach me, I dare say. I'll begin to learn this afternoon."

"No, indeed, you won't. At any rate, you must not practise on *my* trees; nor in among them, either. But you may plant the mop, dear, as often as you like, in that empty piece of ground where the cauliflowers were."

"Plant the mop, indeed! Well, Dr. Hutton, you had better ride back to Nowelhurst, where all the grand people are, if you only come home for the purpose of insulting your poor wife. It is there, no doubt, that you learn to despise any one who is not quite so fine as they are. And what are they, I should like to know? What a poor weak thing I am, to be sure; no wonder no one cares for me. I can have no self-respect. I am only fit to plant the mop."

Hereupon the blue founts welled, the carmine of the cheeks grew scarlet, the cherry lips turned bigarreaux, and a very becoming fur-edged jacket lifted, as if with a zephyr stealing it.

Rufus felt immediately that he had been the lowest of all low brutes; and almost made up his mind on the spot that it would be decidedly wrong of him to go to Nowelhurst that evening. We will not enter into the scene of strong self-condemnation, reciprocal collaudation, extraordinary admiration, because all married people know it; and as for those who are single, let them get married and learn it. Only in the last act of it, Jonah, from whom they had retreated, came up again, looking rather sheepish—for he had begun to keep a sweetheart—and spake these winged words,

"Plase sir, if you be so good, it baint no vault o' maine nohow."

"Get all those trees at once laid in by the heels. What is no fault of yours, pray? Are you always at your dinner?"

FF

"Baint no vault o' maine, sir; but there coom two genelman chaps, as zays they musten zee you."

"Must see me, indeed, whether I choose it or no! And with all those trees to plant, and the mare to be ready at three o'clock!"

"Zo I tould un, sir; but they zays as they *must* zee you."

"In the name of the devil and all his works, but I'll give them a bitter reception. Let them come this way, Jonah."

"Oh dear, if you are going to be violent! You know what you are sometimes, Rue—enough to frighten any man."

"Never, my darling, never. You never find Rufus Hutton formidable to any one who means rightly."

"No, no, to be sure, dear. But then perhaps they may not. And after all that has occurred to-day, I feel so much upset. Very foolish of me, I know. But promise me not to be rash, dear."

"Have no fear, my darling Rosa. I will never injure any man who does not insult you, dear."

While Rufus was looking ten feet high, and Mrs. Rufus tripping away, after a little sob and two kisses, Jonah came pelting down the walk with his great feet on either side of it, as if he had a barrow between them. At the same time a voice came round the corner past the arbutus tree, now quivering red with strawberries, and the words thereof were these:—

"Perfect Paradise, my good sir! I knew it must be, from what I heard of him. Exactly like my friend the Dook's, but laid out still more tastefully. Bless me, why his Grace must have copied it! Won't I give him a poke in the ribs when he dines with me next Toosday! Sly bird, a sly bird, I say, though he is such a capital fellow. Knew where to come, I'm blest if he didn't, for taste, true science, and landscape."

"Haw! Yes; I quite agree with you. But his Grace has nothing so chaste, so perfect as this, in me opeenion, sir. Haw!"

The cockles of the Rufine heart swelled warmly; for of course he heard every word of it, though, of course, not in-

tended to do so. "Now Rosa ought to have heard all that," was passing in his mind, when two gentlemen stood before him, and were wholly amazed to see him. One of them was a short stout man, not much taller than Rufus, but of double his cubic contents; the other a tall and portly signor, fitted upon spindle shins, with a slouch in his back, gray eyebrows, long heavy eyes, and large dewlaps.

The short gentleman, evidently chief spokesman and proud of his elocution, waved his hat most gracefully, when he recovered from his surprise, drew back for a yard or so, in his horror at intruding, and spoke with a certain flourish, and the air of a man above humbug.

"Mr. Nowell Corklemore, I have the honour of making you known to the gentleman whose scientific fame has roused such a spirit among us. Dr. Hutton, sir, excuse me, the temptation was too great for us. My excellent friend, Lord Thorley, who has, I believe, the honour of being related to Mrs. Hutton, pressed his services upon us, when he knew what we desired. But, sir, no. 'My lord,' said I, 'we prefer to intrude without the commonplace of society; we prefer to intrude upon the footing of common tastes, my lord, and warm, though far more rudimental and vague pursuit of science.' Bless me, all this time my unworthy self, sir! I am too prone to forget myself, at least my wife declares so. Bailey Kettledrum, sir, is my name, of Kettledrum Hall, in Dorset. And I have the enlightenment, sir, to aspire to the honour of your acquaintance."

Rufus Hutton bowed rather queerly to Mr. Nowell Corklemore and Mr. Bailey Kettledrum; for he had seen a good deal of the world, and had tasted sugar candy. Moreover, the Kettledrum pattern was known to him long ago; and he had never found them half such good fellows as they pretend to think other people. Being, however, most hospitable, as are nearly all men from India, he invited them to come in at once, and have some lunch after their journey. They accepted very warmly;

and Mrs. Hutton, having now appeared and been duly introduced, Bailey Kettledrum set off with her round the curve of the grass-plot, as if he had known her for fifty years, and had not seen her for twenty-five. He engrossed her whole attention by the pace at which he talked, and by appeals to her opinion, praising all things, taking notes, red hot with admiration, impressively confidential about his wife and children, and, in a word, regardless of expense to make himself agreeable. Notwithstanding all this, he did not get on much, because he made one great mistake. He rattled and flashed along the high road leading to fifty other places, but missed the quiet and pleasant path which leads to a woman's good graces. The path, I mean, which follows the little brook called "sympathy," a winding but not a shallow brook, over the meadow of soft listening.

Mr. Nowell Corklemore, walking with Rufus Hutton, was, as he was forced to be by a feeble nature enfeebled, a dry and pompous man.

"Haw! I am given to understand you have made all this yourself, sir. In me 'umble opeenion, it does you the greatest credit, sir; credit, sir, no less to your heart than to your head. Haw!"

Here he pointed with his yellow bamboo at nothing at all in particular.

"Everything is in it's infancy yet. Wait till the trees grow up a little. I have planted nearly all of them. All except that, and that, and the weeping elm over yonder, where I sit with my wife sometimes. Everything is in it's infancy."

"Excuse me; haw! If you will allow me, I would also say, with the exception of something else." And he looked profoundly mystic.

"Oh, the house you mean," said Rufus. "No, the house is not quite new; built some seven years back."

"Sir, I do not mean the house—but the edifice, haw!—the tenement of the human being. Sir, I mean, except just *this*."

He shut one eye, like a sleepy owl, and tapped the side of his head most

sagely; and then he said "Haw!" and looked for approval.

And he might have looked a very long time, in his stupidly confident manner, without a chance of getting it; for Rufus Hutton disliked allusions even to age intellectual, when you came to remember that his Rosa was more than twenty years younger.

"Ah, yes, now it strikes me," continued Mr. Corklemore, as they stood in front of the house, "that little bow-window—nay, I am given to understand, that bay-window is the more correct,—haw! I mean the more architectural term—I think I should have felt inclined to make that nice bay-window give to the little grass-plot. A mere question perhaps of idiosyncrasy, haw!"

"Give what?" asked Rufus, now on the foam. That his own pet lawn which he rolled every day, his lawn endowed with manifold curves and sweeps of his own inventing, with the Wellingtonia upon it, and the plantain dug out with a cheese-knife—that all this should be called a "little grass-plot," by a fellow who had no two ideas, except in his intonation of "Haw!"

"Haw! It does not signify. But the term, I am given to understand, is now the correct and recognised one."

"I wish you were given to understand anything, except your own importance," Rufus muttered savagely, and eyed the yellow bamboo.

"Have you—haw! excuse my asking, for you are a great luminary here; have you as yet made trial of the *Spergula pilifera*?"

"Yes; and found it the biggest humbug that ever aped God's grass."

Dr. Hutton was always very sorry when he had used strong language; but being a thin-skinned, irritable, cut-the-corner man, he could not be expected to stand Nowell Corklemore's "haws."

And Mr. Corklemore had of "haw" no less than seven intonations. First, and most common of all, the haw of self-approval. Second, the haw of contemplation. Third, the haw of doubt and inquiry. Fourth, that of admiration. Fifth, that of interlude and hiatus,

when words or ideas lingered. Sixth, the haw of accident and short-winded astonishment; *e.g.* he had once fallen off a hayrick, and cried "Haw!" at the bottom. Seventh, the haw of indignation and powerful remonstrance, in a totally different key from the rest; and this last he now adopted.

"Haw—then!—haw!—I have been given to understand that the *Spergula pilifera* succeeds most admirably with people who have—haw!—have studied it."

"Very likely it does," said Rufus, though he knew much better, but now he was on his own door-step, and felt ashamed of his rudeness; "but come in, Mr. Corklemore; our ways are rough in these forest outskirts, and we are behind you in civilization. Nevertheless we are heartily glad to welcome our more intelligent neighbours."

At lunch he gave them home-brewed ale and pale sherry of no especial character. But afterwards, being a genial soul, and feeling still guilty of rudeness, he went to the cellar himself, and fetched a bottle of the richest Indian gold. Mrs. Hutton withdrew very prettily, and the three gentlemen, all being good judges of wine, began to warm over it luminously, more softly indeed than they would have done after a heavy dinner. Surely noble wine deserves not to be the mere operculum to a stupidly mixed hot meal.

"Have another bottle, gentlemen; now do have another bottle."

"Not one drop more for the world," exclaimed they both, with their hands up. None the less for that, they did, and, what was very unwise of them, another after that, until I can scarcely write straight in trying to follow their doings. Meanwhile Jonah had prigged three glassfuls out of the decanter left under the elm-tree.

"Now," said Rufus, who alone was almost in a state of sobriety, "suppose we take a turn in the garden and my little orchard-house? I believe I am indebted to that for the pleasure of your very agreeable society—ahem, agreeable company to-day."

Bailey Kettledrum sprang up with a flourish. "No, sir, no, sir! Permit me to defend myself and this most marketable—I—I mean remarkable gentleman here present, Mr. Nowell Corklemore, from any such dis—dish—sparagus, disparaging imputations, sir. An orchard, sir, is very well, and the trees in it are very well, and the fruit of it is very good, sir; but an orchard can never appear, sir, to a man of exalted sentiments, and temporal—I mean, sir, strictly intemperate judgment, in the light of an elephant—irrelevant—no, sir, I mean of course an equivant—for a man, sir, for a man!" Here Mr. Bailey Kettledrum hit himself hard on the bosom, and broke the glass of his watch.

"Mr. Kettledrum," said Rufus, rising, "your sentiments do you honour. Mine, however, is not an orchard, but an orchard-house."

"Ha ha, good again! House in an orchard! yes, I see. Corklemore, hear that, my boy? Our admirable host—no, thank you, not a single drop more wine—I always know when I have had enough. Sir, it is the proud privi—privilege of a man. Corklemore, get up, sir; don't you see we are waiting for you!" Mr. Corklemore stared heavily at him; his constitution was a sleepy one, and he thought he had eaten his dinner. His friend nodded gravely at Dr. Hutton; and the nod expressed compassion tempering condemnation.

"Ah, I see how it is. Ever since that fall from the hayrick, the leastest little drop of wine, prej—prej—

"Prejudge the case, my lord," muttered Mr. Corklemore, who had been a barrister.

"Prejudicially affects our highly-admired friend. But, sir, the fault is mine. I should have stretched forth long ago the restraining hand of friendship, sir, and dashed the si—si—silent bottle."

"Chirping bottle, possibly you mean."

"No, sir, I do not, and I will thank you not to interrupt me. Who ever heard a bottle chirp? I ask you, sir, as a man of the world, and a man of common sense, who ever heard a bottle chirp? What I mean, sir, is the siren—the

siren bottle from his lips. What is it in the Latin grammar—or possibly in the Greek, for I have learned Greek, sir, in the faulchion days of youth ;—is it not, sir, this : *improba Siren desidia* ? Perhaps, sir, it may have been in your grammar, if you ever had one, *improba chirping desidia*.” As he looked round in the glow and sparkle of lagenic logic, Rufus caught him by the arm, and hurried him out at the garden door, where luckily no steps were. The pair went straight, or, in better truth, went first to the kitchen garden ; Rufus did not care much for flowers ; all that he left to his Rosa. “Now I will show you a thing, sir,” cried Rufus in his glory, “a thing which has been admired by the leading men of the age. Nowhere else, in this part of the world, can you see a piece of ground, sir, cropped in the manner of that, sir.”

And to tell the plain, unvinous truth, the square to which he pointed was a triumph of high art. The style of it was wholly different from that of Mr. Garnet's beds. Bull Garnet was fond of novelties, but he made them square with his system ; the result was more strictly practical, but less nobly theoretical. Dr. Hutton, on the other hand, travelled the entire porker ; obstacles of soil and season were as nothing to him, and when the shape of the ground was wrong, he called in the navvies and made it right.

A plot of land four-square, and measured to exactly half an acre, contained 2,400 trees, cutting either way as truly as the spindles of machinery ; there was no tree more than five feet high, the average height was four feet six inches. They were planted just four feet asunder, and two feet back from the pathway. There was every kind of fruit-tree there, which can be made by British gardeners to ripen fruit in Britain, without artificial heat. Pears especially, and plums, cherries, apples, walnuts (*juglans præparturiens*), figs, and medlars, quinces, filberts, even peaches, nectarines, and apricots—though only one row, in all, of those three ; there was scarcely one of those miniature trees which had not

done its duty that year, or now was bent upon doing it. Still the sight was beautiful ; although fargone with autumn, still Cox's orange-pippin lit the russet leaves with gold, or Beurré Clairgeau and Capiaumont enriched the air with scarlet.

Each little tree looked so bright and comely, each plumed itself so naturally, proud to carry its share of tribute to the beneficent Maker, that the two men who had been abusing His choice gift, the vine, felt a little ashamed of themselves, or perhaps felt that they ought to be.

“Magnificent, magnificent !” cried Kettledrum theatrically ; “I must tell the Dook of this. He will have the same next year.”

“Will he though ?” said Rufus, thinking of the many hours he had spent among those trees, and of his careful apprenticeship to the works of their originator ; “I can tell you one thing. He won't, unless he has a better gardener than I ever saw in these parts. Now let us go to the orchard-house.”

The orchard-house was a span-roofed building, very light and airy ; the roof and ends were made of glass, the sides of deal with broad falling shutters, for the sake of ventilation. It was about fifty feet in length, twenty in width, and fifteen in height. There was no ventilation at the ridge, and all the lights were fixed. The free air of heaven wandered through, among peaches, plums, and apriots, some of which still retained their fruit, crimson, purple, and golden. The little trees were all in pots, and about a yard apart. The pots were not even plunged in the ground, but each stood, as a tub should, on its own independent bottom. The air of the house was soft and pleasant, with a peculiar fragrance, the smell of ripening foliage. Bailey Kettledrum saw at once—for he had plenty of observant power, and the fumes of wine were dispersing—that this house must have shown a magnificent sight, a month or two ago. And having once more his own object in view, he tripled his true approval.

"Dr. Hutton, this is fine. Fine is not the word for it; this is grand and gorgeous. What a triumph of mind! What a lot you must pay for wages!"

"Thirteen shillings a week in summer, seven shillings a week in the winter." This was one of his pet astonishments.

"What! I'll never believe it. Sir, you must either be a conjuror, the devil, or—or—"

"Or a liar," said Rufus, placidly; "but I am none of the three. Jonah has twelve shillings a week, but half of that goes for housework. That leaves six shillings for gardening; but I never trust him inside this house, for he is only a clumsy dolt, who does the heavy digging. And besides him I have only a very sharp lad, at seven shillings a week, who works under my own eye. I have in some navvies, at times, it is true, when I make any alterations. But that is outlay, not working expense. Now come and see my young trees just arrived from Sawbridgeworth."

"Stop one moment. What is this stuff on the top of the pots here? What queer stuff! Why it goes quite to pieces in my hands."

"Oh, only a little top-dressing, just to refresh the trees a bit. This way, Mr. Kettledrum."

"Pardon me, sir, if I appear impertinent or inquisitive. But I have learned so much this afternoon, that I am anxious to learn a little more. My friend, the Dook, will cross-examine me as to everything I have seen here. He knew our intention of coming over. I must introduce you to his Grace, before you are a week older, sir; he has specially requested it. In fact, it was only this morning he said to Nowell Corklemore—but Corklemore, though a noble fellow, a gem of truth and honour, sir, is not a man of *our* intelligence; in one word, he is an ass!"

"Haw! Nowell Corklemore, Nowell Corklemore is an ass, is he, in the wise opinion of Mr. Bailey Kettledrum? Only let me get up, good Lord—and perhaps he told the Dook so. There, it's biting me again, oh Lord! Nowell Corklemore an ass

By the door of the orchard-house grew a fine deodara, and behind it lay Mr. Corklemore, beyond all hope entangled. His snores had been broken summarily by the maid coming for the glasses, and he set forth, after a dozen "haws," to look for his two comrades. With instinct ampeline he felt that his only chance of advancing in the manner of a biped lay or stood in his bamboo. So he went to the stick-stand by the back-door, where he muzzily thought it ought to be. Mrs. Hutton, in the drawing-room, was rattling on the piano, and that made his head ten times worse. His bamboo was not in the stick-stand; nevertheless he found there a gig-umbrella with a yellow handle, like the top of his fidus Achates. Relying upon this, he made his way out, crying "haw!" at every star in the oilcloth. He propped away all down the walk, with the big umbrella; but the button that held the cord was gone, and it flapped like a mutinous windmill. However, he carried on bravely, until he confronted a dark, weird tree, waving its shrouded arms at him. This was the deodara; so he made a tack to the left, and there was hulled between wind and water by an unsuspected enemy. This was Rufus Hutton's pet of all pet pear-trees, a perfect model of symmetry, scarce three feet six in height, sturdy, crisp, short-jointed, spurred from keel to truck, and carrying twenty great pears. It had been so stopped and snagged throughout, that it was stiffer than fifty hollies; and Rosa was dreadfully jealous of it, because Rufus spent so much time there. He used to go out in the summer forenoon, whenever the sun was brilliant, and draw lines down the fruit with a wet camel's hairbrush, as the French gardeners do. He had photographed it once or twice, but the wind would move the leaves so.

Now he had the pleasure of seeing Nowell Corklemore flat on his back, with this pet *Beurré Superfin* (snapped at the stock), and the gig-umbrella between his legs, all a hideous ruin. The gig-umbrella flapped and flapped, and the agonized pear-tree scratched

and scratched, till Nowell Corklemore felt quite sure that he was in the embrace of a dragon. The glorious pears were rolling about, some crushed under his frantic heels, the rest with wet bruises on them, appealing from human barbarism.

"Well!" said Rufus Hutton. He was in such a rage, it would have choked him to say another word.

"Haw! I don't call it well at all to be eaten up by a dragon. Pull him away for mercy's sake, pull him away! and I'll tell all about this business."

At last they got him out, for the matter was really serious, and Rufus was forced to hide his woe at the destruction of the pear-tree. And after all he had no one but himself to thank for it. Why did he almost force his guests to drink the third bottle of sherry?

"Wonderful, perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Bailey Kettledrum, as Rufus was showing them out at the gate, before having his own horse saddled. "The triumphs of horticulture in this age are really past belief. You beat all of us, Dr. Hutton, you may depend upon it; you beat all of us. I never would have believed that trees ought to be planted with their heads down, and their roots up in the air.

Stupid of me, though, for I have often heard of root-pruning, and of course you could not prune the roots unless they grew in that way."

Rufus thought he was joking, or suffering from vinous inversion of vision.

"Remember, my good friend Hutton—excuse my familiarity, I feel as if I had known you for years—remember, my dear friend, you have pledged your word for next Wednesday—and Mrs. Hutton too, mind—Mrs. Hutton with you. We waive formality, you know, in these country quarters. Kettledrum Hall, next Wednesday—honour bright, next Wednesday! You see I know the motto of your family."

"Thank you, all right," said Rufus Hutton; "it's a deuced deal more than I know," he added, going up the drive. "I didn't know we had a motto. Well, I'm done for at last!"

No wonder he was done for. He saw what Kettledrum had taken in the purest faith. All those lovely little trees, dwarf pyramids, &c. were standing on the apex. Jonah, after all the sherry given to and stolen by him, had laid them in by the heels with a vengeance. All the pretty heads were a foot under ground, and the roots, like the locks of a mermaid, wooing the buxom air.

To be continued.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

If I and mine were all below the grass

Beside that old and solemn church you know,

Would you forget us? Nay! In fitful show

Fair early friendships through lone memory pass,

Like sunny glimpses caught in a cold glass;

And there, serenely sheltered, come and go

The undying dead: ay, better sheltered so

Than under sepulchres of stone and brass.

But for the rest, whose mortal hands to-day

Might clasp your own as warmly as before,

To whom your voice, your looks, might now convey

The joy Time crowns with pathos, and restore

The strength of trust in absence worn away,—

O, let remembrance plead their claim to more!

NARRATIVE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION, 1865.

BY JOHN C. DEANE.

THE following narrative of the events which took place in the *Great Eastern* in her voyage with the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is as nearly as possible a transcript from my diary written on board.

I did not join the ship until Sunday, 23d of July, when the splice was made between the main cable and the shore end, twenty-seven miles off the Irish land. I was at Valentia for a week before her arrival at Berehaven, where she anchored on Wednesday morning, the 19th of July. She left her anchorage off the Maplin Sands at the Nore on Saturday, the 15th. She took the screw-steamer *Caroline* in tow on Monday, the 17th, off Falmouth, with the shore-end of the cable, and encountered a strong gale, with heavy sea, off the Irish coast, during which the tow-rope broke, and the *Caroline* was obliged to find her way to Valentia, the *Great Eastern* bearing up for Berehaven. On Thursday evening, July 20th, the *Caroline* went round from Valentia Harbour to Port Magee to be in readiness the following day, if the weather was fine, first to lay the "earth cable," and as soon as possible afterwards to attach the shore-end of the cable to the cliff of Foilhammurum, on the south side of Valentia. Foilhammurum Bay, about a mile in length at its widest part, is protected on the north side by the bold projecting headland of Bray, on the south by ledges of rock forming the northern entrance to Port Magee Channel. The bay becomes gradually narrower towards the cliffs, which rise to a height of about 300 feet. No better place could be well imagined for landing and maintaining a shore-end cable in safety. The bay was carefully surveyed and dredged by Lieut. White, in charge of the coast-guard of the district; and, outside a

small line of rocks, about 60 feet from high-water mark, the cable will rest upon a bed of sand. The cable of 1858 was landed near the Castle of Ballycarberry, on the mainland opposite Knightstown, in a position where it was subjected to chafing from the force of sea sent in by the westerly gales, while at Foilhammurum the sea from the westward is broken by the islands which guard its entrance.

On Friday, July 21st, the officials connected with the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, stationed at the Telegraph House, which has been built on the plateau over the cliffs of Foilhammurum, astir very early, were actually engaged in making the necessary preparations for laying the cable called the "earth cable," on Mr. Varley's plan, which consists of a wire rope about two miles long, with a piece of zinc attached to the end—the object of this cable being to obtain what electricians call a "good earth," or, in other words, to get the current as far away as possible from local controlling influences, such as lightning, &c. The *Caroline* accordingly was towed into the bay, and anchored about two cables' length from the shore, and a bridge of boats was made, the rope being passed from the stern of the ship across the boats until it reached the shore, where it was hauled up the cliffs to the instrument house. The *Caroline* then proceeded out in a south-westerly direction, and dropped the earth-cable to the eastward of the little islet which is at the entrance of Port Magee.

This service having been effected, the next step, and one of the most important in the telegraph expedition, was to lay the twenty-seven miles of shore-end cable. This was commenced the next day at about nine o'clock, and

the bridge of boats already referred to was used to land the end. The scene was one which cannot be easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was a lovely day, and the top of the cliff was lined by the inhabitants of the island, who, in their own simple and natural way, had improvised a demonstration in the way of flags by hanging their brilliant-coloured shawls on the tops of masts, oars, poles, or anything else which was available for that purpose. Tents made of old sails, supported by oars and boat-hooks, lined the road at the summit of the cliff; and their proprietors did a thriving trade not only during the day, but for many days previously, crowds of the islanders, as well as visitors from the mainland, having made up their minds that the *Great Eastern* would come into the bay. Pipers and fiddlers gathered round them groups of dancers, and the jig and reel were merrily footed during the day. Itinerant gamblers did their stroke of business too, and "Spoil five" was the favourite game. While these amusements were going on on the top of the cliff, underneath it were engaged one hundred or more of the peasants hauling the rope ashore, passed, as I have before described, over the bridge of boats, in each of which, on an average, there might have been eight or ten men. These boats formed a graceful curve across the bay from the stern of the ship to the shore. The end, being landed, was passed up the crevice in the cliff prepared for it; and, a large number of men being sent to the top, it was finally passed into the trench dug for it, conveyed to the Telegraph House, and put in connexion with the electric instruments. The house itself is a long wooden building, about seventy feet long by thirty feet wide, containing ample accommodation for the staff. As soon as the electricians announced that they had got a message from the *Caroline* that all was right, the Knight of Kerry, standing among his family and visitors, addressed the large assemblage in a few appropriate and earnest words. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Robert

Peel, M.P., made an admirable speech, alluding to the fact that everything that science could do had been done to make the laying of the cable a success, and commenting upon the great political importance of establishing telegraphic communication with America. He then called on the people to give "Three Cheers for Her Majesty," and asked them to pay a similar compliment to the President of the United States, which was done with great heartiness.

It was now time for the *Caroline* to start on her mission; and, just about 2.15, P.M. she was taken in tow by the *Hawk*, a screw steamer of 700 tons, belonging to the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, Sir Robert Peel, the Knight of Kerry, Lord John Hay, Mr. Glass (managing director), Mr. Charles Edwards, and one or two others going out a short distance in her, and returning by the *Princess Alexandra*, the steam yacht of the Irish Lighthouse Board. The weather was most favourable for laying the shore cable, which was done about 10.30 P.M.

The *Hawk* returned to Valencia, where she arrived at 3 A.M. of the 23d. She started again at 7.30 A.M., with the Knight of Kerry, Sir Robert Peel, and a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen, who were determined to brave any amount of sea-sickness to see the *Great Eastern* make the splice with the shore end. The *Hawk* arrived at the rendezvous 51°50' N., Long. 11°2' 20" W. at a quarter to 1 P.M., and found the *Great Eastern* with the *Caroline* close aside her stern making the splice. The *Sphinx* sloop-of-war, one of the convoy sent by Her Majesty's Government, was on the *Caroline's* weather, and the *Terrible* frigate about a mile astern of her. The Big Ship was gaily decked with flags; on her main was flying, at the instance of Mr. Cyrus Field, the identical burgee which flew from the mast of the *Agamemnon* in the Atlantic Telegraph expedition of 1858. Many boats, as well as those of the *Great Eastern*, as of the men-of-war, were plying to and fro in the heavy swell which prevailed, and it was a

service of no ordinary kind to get those who would visit the *Great Eastern* on board her. The Secretary of Ireland got his share of wetting, as well as others. Of course there was a little eating and drinking to be done, and Captain Anderson dispensed the hospitalities of the ship in his kind and genial way. It was now time to be off; and, after hearty leave-taking and cheers for the ship from those who left her, preparations were made for the final start. The *Terrible* and *Sphinx* now appeared, the one on our starboard and the other on our port quarter. Their respective commanders gave the order to man the rigging, and three tremendous cheers were given by the crews for the *Great Eastern*, which were returned from the monster ship with enthusiasm.

At length all was declared to be in readiness. The huge paddles began to revolve slowly, the screw was set in motion, and precisely at sixteen minutes after 7 P.M. Greenwich time, (Sunday, July 23d), we commenced paying out the cable, which looked like a thread as it discharged itself over the wheel at the stern of the ship.

All went on well during the night; those in charge of the paying-out apparatus and of the electric testing instruments taking their prescribed positions in watches. The weather was all that could be desired, and everything was going on most favourably, when at 3.14 A.M. on Monday, 24th, it was intimated by Mr. de Santy, the chief of the electric staff, that the insulation of the cable showed evident symptoms of being imperfect. Mr. Clifford, in charge of the cable paying-out machinery, at once reported to the chief engineer, Mr. Samuel Canning; and before long almost all of us left our berths and came on deck to learn the cause of the ship being stopped and of the firing of a signal gun. We soon saw by the grave faces of those employed that there was something unusually wrong; and, though it was scarcely a time to ask questions, one had little difficulty in getting information. There was no doubt of it now. The

cable was injured somewhere between us and the shore. Could it be that an imperfect splice had been made between the thicker or shore end and the main cable? or was the fault between that and the ship? and again, might it not be between the position where the splice was made and the Bay of Foilhammurrum? These and other speculations were advanced and discussed for many subsequent hours. Mr. Canning and his assistants looked thoughtful and grave. Captain Anderson's expression indicated that he saw the critical position in which we were placed. In fact, one and all of us on board felt that the success of the expedition was greatly imperilled. All this time signals were being received very faintly from the shore, though the electricians thought that our signals to Foilhammurrum might probably be stronger than theirs to us. Mr. Canning at length resolved upon the practical step to take. He gave instructions to pass the cable from the stern to the bow, and to pick it up with the machinery placed there until the fault should be discovered. This was an operation requiring great skill and care, not only from the cable-laying staff, but from Captain Anderson in the handling of the ship. It was admirably done by all; and, at 25 minutes to 12, the cable was on the bow-wheel, and, passing over a drum, it was put in connexion with a small steam-engine placed on the port side of the deck, near the foremast. It was soon discovered that this engine had not sufficient boiler-power, and the rate at which the cable came on board never exceeded one mile and a quarter an hour, and sometimes even less. We were making up our minds now that we should have to get back to Valentia, and were in anything but good spirits. Fresh boiler-power was put on to the picking-up engine, by getting a small locomotive near the donkey, with connecting bands; but this did not very materially increase the speed of hauling in the cable. Mr. de Santy, in the meantime, putting on the Morse instruments in connexion with the shore, sent a message to Mr.

Glass, the managing director, to request that he would order the *Caroline* to the ground where the splice was made, and the *Hawk* to the *Great Eastern*, with all possible speed. A reply came back that the *Caroline* should be sent as soon as she coaled. The gentlemen in the test-room were, as can be easily imagined, continuing their test experiments with great anxiety, and various opinions were expressed as to the locality of the "fault." Mr. Saunders, Mr. de Santy's first assistant, steadily maintained throughout the day that he felt satisfied the cable was injured not more than eleven or twelve miles from the ship.

Before dinner we had a visit from Mr. Prowse, first lieutenant of the *Terrible*, sent by Captain Gerard Napier, to ascertain whether he could be of any use; for of course we had signalled to both ships, informing them of the mishap which had befallen us. Mr. Saunders's opinion became stronger and stronger as to the locality of the injury; and almost the last thing he said to me on my bidding him "good-night" was "that we should find that the faulty bit of the cable would be on deck early next day."

Puff! puff! went the little "pick-up" engine, and, as the rope came up, it was coiled on the deck just forward of the starboard paddle-box. At 5.30 in the morning (25th July) the *Hawk* came alongside. At 9 A.M., while we were all at breakfast, to our intense joy and gratification, one of the electricians came in to announce that Mr. Saunders's tests had proved accurate, and that, on getting the tenth mile on board, the cause of all our trouble and anxiety was discovered. A wretched bit of iron, not longer than two inches, had by some unaccountable means been pushed through the exterior covering of the cable, and, passing through the gutta-percha, had done all the mischief. Mr. Saunders was cheered loudly as he came into the saloon to breakfast, and everybody was pleased with everything and everybody. How different the expression of faces from yesterday—then all gloom and disappointment, now all radiance and hope! "Pass the cable aft now" was the word,

and it required great skill to do it. Of course the splicings had to be made and the tests to be carried on, and it was some time after two o'clock before we all had the pleasure of seeing the rope discharged again over the wheel at the stern into the sea. Our pleasure, however, was not destined to be of long continuance, for at 3 P.M. an alarm was given that not a signal was received from shore. Here, indeed, was a source of deep annoyance and mortification. Faces again became long, and we all began to think the chances of laying the cable were becoming more remote. "Pass the cable forward to the 'pick-up'" was the order now given, and we had anything but a pleasant prospect before us. But what is that excitement outside the test-house? Has any fresh trouble arisen? Listen again! All is right. "We have got the signals from the shore!" It was true; and ere long men who an hour previously had nearly given up the chance of laying the Atlantic Cable were now grasping hands and congratulating each other. Signals announcing that all was "right again" were sent to the *Terrible* and *Sphinx*, and in a very short time we were paying out the cable, and receiving the most satisfactory signals from shore.

July 26th.—During the whole of the night the cable was paid out without a mistake, the paying-out apparatus working to perfection. By morning, we were distant 150 miles from Valentia, and had paid out 161½ miles. The day broke thick and hazy, and the Big Ship began to show the *Terrible* and *Sphinx* what she can do in the way of steaming. The sea was rather rough, and the wind was blowing what one would designate a double-reefed-topsail breeze; and yet we were as steady and upright in the water as if we had been alongside a wharf. The *Terrible* sent down her top-gallant masts, and signalled to us that we were going too fast for the *Sphinx*. We replied that we could not slacken our speed.—The insulation of the cable improves as we get into deep water. We are now in 1,750 fathoms. The *Sphinx* is barely visible on the horizon.

July 27th.—There is but one opinion on board in reference to the singular adaptability of the *Great Eastern* for a telegraphic cable-laying ship. There is quite enough of head-sea to enable us to judge of what sort of weather smaller vessels would make. The *Terrible* plunged her bow into it, while we were as upright as a house. At 8.30 A.M. we had run 302 miles, 235 from the last splice, being an average of 5.87 miles an hour of paying out. The average depth to-day, according to the chart, was 2,000 fathoms. The cable first reaches the water at a distance of about 213 feet from the paying-out wheel astern. The paddle-engines were making $6\frac{1}{2}$ revolutions, the screw 26, and the average speed was 6 knots. Observations at noon gun, lat. $52^{\circ} 34' N.$, long. $19^{\circ} W.$ Distance run since yesterday, 142 miles. *Terrible* on our port-beam, *Sphinx* not visible.

The electricians report the signals as being most satisfactory between the ship and the shore. Assuming all to go on well, between this and Sunday at noon the after-tank will be emptied of its contents. There are three iron tanks which contain the cable—one near the stern, from which it is going now; another situated in the middle; and a third in the fore part of the ship. The after-tank is 58 feet in diameter and 26 in height, the main-tank is 58 feet 6 inches by 26, and the fore is 51 feet 6 in. by 26 feet. In the main-tank there are 798 miles; in the fore, 633.75. The after-tank, now happily so near exhaustion, contained 837 miles. There are 3 miles of shore-end in the main-tank. The *Caroline* laid 27; and thus the total amount of cable in miles and bound, when the ship left the Nore, was 2,300, weighing 4,100 tons. To this must be added 1,198 tons of water put in the tanks, which made the total weight 5,600 tons.

We next pay out from the fore-tank, and the passing of the cable from there to the stern will be a nice operation. It is hoped that this may happen in the early part of Sunday; for, though the cable staff are quite prepared to do it at

night, yet it is far better that they should have daylight for their work.

July 28th. Our course has been N.W. $\frac{1}{2} W.$; wind, N.N.W. All night every thing worked as smoothly as possible. At 7 P.M. 119 miles of distance had been gone over. The index of the paying-out wheel showed 152,905 revolutions, equal to 476.6 miles distance; so that we had paid out 176.78 miles of cable. It is calculated that, during our voyage (the distance between Valentia and Heart's Content being 1,663 miles), the revolutions of the paying-out machine will amount to about 600,000, and each of these revolutions represents a cost of rather more than a pound sterling.

The paying-out machinery for the Atlantic Telegraph cable on board the *Great Eastern* differs in many material respects from that used in the former expeditions. I shall endeavour to describe it. Over the hold is a light wrought-iron V wheel, the speed of which is regulated by a friction-wheel on the same shaft. This is connected with the paying-out machinery by a wrought-iron trough, in which at intervals are smaller iron V wheels, and, at the angles, vertical guide-wheels. The paying-out machinery consists of a series of V wheels, and jockey or riding-wheels (six in number). Upon the shafts of the V wheels are friction-wheels, with break-straps weighted by levers and running on tanks filled with water, and upon the shafts of the jockey-wheels and also friction-straps, with weights, to hold the cable and keep it taut round the drum. Immediately before the drum is a small guide-wheel, placed under an apparatus called the knife, for keeping the first turn of the cable on the drum from riding, or getting over another turn. The knives, of which there are two, can be removed and adjusted with the greatest ease by slides similar to a slide-rest of an ordinary turning-lathe. One knife only is in use, the other being kept ready to replace it if necessary. The drum round which the cable passes is six feet in diameter and one foot broad, and upon the same

shaft are fixed two Appold's breaks, running in tanks filled with water. There is also a duplicate drum and pair of Appold's breaks fitted for position, and ready for use in case of accident. Upon the overhanging ends of the shafts of the drums, driving-pulleys are fitted, which can be connected by leather belts for the purpose of bringing into use the duplicate breaks if the working breaks should be out of order. Between the duplicate-drum and the stern-wheel are placed the dynamometer and intermediate wheels for indicating the strain upon the cable. The dynamometer-wheel is placed midway between the two intermediate wheels, and the strain is indicated by the rising or falling of the dynamometer-wheel on a graduated scale of cuts attached to the guide-rods of the dynamometer slide. The stern-wheel over which the cable passes when leaving the ship is a strong V wheel, supported on wrought-iron girders overhanging the stern; and the cable is protected from injury by the flanges of the wheel by a bell-mouthed cast-iron shield surrounding half its circumference. Close to the dynamometer is placed an apparatus similar to a double-purchase crab or winch, fitted with two steering wheels for lifting the jockey or riding-wheels with their weights, and the main weights of the drum, as indications are thrown on the dynamometer scale. All the break-wheels are running in tanks supplied with water by pipes from the paddle-box tanks of the ship. The cable passes over the wrought-iron V wheels, over the tank, along the trough, between the V wheels and jockey-wheels in a straight line, four turns round the drum, when the knife comes into action, over the first intermediate wheel, and over the other intermediate and stern wheel, out into the sea.

This beautiful and ingenious machinery has been invented by Messrs. Canning and Clifford, and has worked up to this time with admirable regularity and precision. At noon yesterday, 531·57 nautical miles had been paid out, between 1,529 to 1,950 fathoms. Distance from

Valentia 476 miles. We asked the *Terrible* to prevent any ships from crossing the cable astern, and she replied, "Yes, if possible."

July 29th.—The observations at noon placed the ship in $52^{\circ} 38' 3''$ N. long. $27^{\circ} 40'$ hrs. Distance from Valentia 634, and from Heart's Content 1,028. The night passed over very favourably, in respect to the ship's progress, the amount of cable paid out, and the satisfactory manner in which the machinery worked. We were all in the highest spirits; and, though the morning opened with a misty sort of fog, and it continued drizzling during the day, we walked the deck, inspecting the machinery by which the cable was discharged from the ship, and looked down occasionally into the tank, which every moment was lessening its contents. We heard from the electricians that there was an undeviating accuracy in the transmission of the signals; and, turning our eyes to the western horizon, we speculated as to the day, if not the hour, we should arrive at Heart's Content. At ten minutes after 1 P.M., ship's time (Greenwich time $3, 3' 30''$ P.M.), one of the electricians was seen to come hastily out of the test-room and to run towards the stern of the ship. I was standing looking down at the paddle-engines at the time. He returned hastily, and it was quite clear that something was wrong. The order was at once given to stop, and it seemed wonderful how the huge engines ceased to move by the simple turning of a wheel. The whole population of this floating town were soon made aware that another mishap had occurred. A very serious one it turned out to be. All communication was stopped between us and the shore, the instantaneous expression of the fairy light on Professor Thomson's marine galvanometer indicating this mortifying fact. It was not a "fault," as it was on the morning of the 24th, but infinitely worse—a "dead earth," as the electricians call it, showing that there existed a serious injury to the cable. Mr. Canning, the chief engineer, at once conferred with Mr. de Santy, and it was determined again to "pick up." Mean-

time, the tests showed that the injury was not more than three miles from the ship, and we had now to ascertain practically whether the "pick-up" machinery would perform its duty as well in the deep water (we were now in 2,000 fathoms) as it did when we were in 600. The word was passed to get up steam for the donkey engines forward, and very speedily they were declared ready. Then came the passing of the rope from the stern, along the huge wall-sides of the ship, to the bow; and, notwithstanding the very great difficulties of this operation, owing to the projections of the paddle-box, the boats, &c., it was effected at 9.45 ship's time. The engines worked away very satisfactorily. The three miles of cable were got on board; and, the injured portion having been cut out, and connexion made with the instruments, immediate communication was established between us and the shore, signals having been sent and received before half-past 11 p.m. Captain Anderson never left the bridge for a moment, and it was owing to his admirable management of the ship at this trying juncture that the cable was successfully got to the bows of the *Great Eastern*. The slightest inaccuracy in handling the ship would have been fatal, and he had to watch her to prevent her from breaking the cable, on which, at times, there was a strain of over $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons. Mr. Halpin, his able chief officer, was of the greatest assistance to him in this emergency. We of course signalled to the *Terrible* to let her know what occurred; and, stopping her engines, she remained close by us on the starboard quarter during the night, Mr. Canning resolving to wait for daylight before he passed the cable aft to the stern wheel.

Altogether this is the most trying day we have had; and, while we rejoice that the mischief has been repaired, yet none of us, however sanguine, dare speak with too much confidence as to the final result. These "ups and downs" in Ocean Telegraph Cable-laying life keep one in a perpetual state of excitement. Our next essay, possibly, will be with

the Buoys; and, if we bring them into use practically, we shall have then tested all the machinery and appliances so thoughtfully devised for the expedition by Mr. Canning. I hope it may not come to the buoying.

Sunday, July 30th.—Mr. Canning and his staff commenced transferring the cable from the bow to the stern as soon as day broke, but unfortunately it got off the drum, and fastened in the axle. There it received such chafing that it was resolved to cut and splice again. This involved a delay of several hours, and it was not until 10.8 a.m. Greenwich time, or 8.10 by our ship's time, that the cable was passed to the stern-wheel again, and once more payed out. By this time but 133 miles remained in the after-tank. Staff-Commander Moriarty, R.N., who was in the former Atlantic Telegraph Cable expedition, has been permitted by the Admiralty to join the *Great Eastern* to assist in scientific navigation. His observations, which agree with those taken by Captain Anderson independently, place the ship at noon, lat. $52^{\circ}30'$, long. $28^{\circ}17'$, distance from Valentia, 650 miles; cable paid out, 745 miles. We had divine service performed in the dining-saloon. Our course still N.W. by W. *Terrible* on our starboard quarter. The *Sphinx* must have passed us in the night. Our delay of 19 hours has given her a fair chance.

Monday, July 31st.—The 133 miles of cable which remained in the after-tank being nearly run out by 2.30 a.m., the chief engineer and his staff made the necessary arrangements to connect the cable in the fore-tank with the paying-out machinery. At 3 a.m. the screw-engines were stopped, at 3.30 the paddle-engines were slowed, and in about an hour the *Great Eastern* was steaming ahead again. By noon we had run 753 miles, and had paid out 903 miles of cable; lat. $52^{\circ}9'$, long. $31^{\circ}53'$. After breakfast, Mr. Canning and Mr. De Santy proceeded to make an examination of the piece of cable in which the 'dead earth' was found, and in the course of a short time the electricians disco-

vered it. That wonderful instrument designed by Professor Thomson gave its significant jump across the graduated paper, and told us the position of the injury. We all clustered around Mr. Canning to examine the cable, and the conclusion, I may say, then unanimously arrived at, was that the injury was the deed of an assassin's hand—some demon in human form, who had deliberately driven into the external hemp a piece of the wire used in the manufacture of the cable, having made an incision right through the gutta percha. One end of the piece of iron was sharp, as if it had been cut with a nippers; the end coming out at the other side was broken off abruptly. One may easily imagine the indignation which this dreadful act created. Mr. Canning conferred with his assistants as to what was the best course to be taken. It was ultimately decided that the cablemen should be asked to examine the injury, and to give their opinion to the chief engineer. A meeting was held, and they arrived at the unanimous conclusion that it was done by wicked design. Mr. Canning then appealed to the gentlemen on board acting in various capacities in connexion with the expedition, and they formed themselves into a volunteer guard, each agreeing to take a watch of six hours daily, and remain in the tank during the paying-out of the cable. Mr. Cyrus Field took the first watch.

The Atlantic has been literally like a mill-pond all day. Up to this moment, save in the delay occasioned by the unfortunate incidents I have described, we have been singularly favoured.

Tuesday, August 1st.—A charming day of monotonous paying out. The ship's position at noon, lat. $51^{\circ} 52' 30''$, long. $36^{\circ} 3' 30''$. Distance from Valentia, 946; to Heart's Content, 717. Cable paid out, 1081 miles. We passed the burial-place of three Atlantic cables to-day, and are approaching the deepest soundings—that is, between 1,975 and 2,250 fathoms. The weather has been a little hazy; wind from N.W. to S.W. Ship's course, N.W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. *Terrible* on our starboard quarter, quite close. We

have only seen two sail since we left. One ran down quite close to have a look at us. At night we must present a strange sight to a ship unacquainted with the service in which we are engaged. Between the fore tank and the paying-out gear, there is erected a wooden trough for the cable to run in, and powerful lamps are placed at intervals of about twenty feet all along its length—two-thirds of the upper deck. Looking at it from the bridge, it is not unlike a street at night.

Wednesday, August 2nd.—A day never to be forgotten. The wind rose shortly after midnight, increasing to a strong gale from the S.W. Our grand ship, however, received little, if any, impression from its force. Away went the cable over the paying-out wheel at seven miles an hour, and all on board were in great spirits at the prospect of soon seeing the Atlantic cable at its American terminus. At 5.45 A.M. (ship's time) the ship was stopped, a report having been made by the electricians that the galvanometer indicated a fault, and, as far as they could then form an opinion, not very far astern. They could make signals to and receive them from Valentia; but, as there could be no deceiving the instrument, the fault was overboard, and therefore the sooner it was on board the better. Shortly before the engines were stopped, a grating noise was heard in the tank from which the cable was being paid out. Mr. Cyrus Field, whose watch it was, stated that one of the hands called out to the man on duty immediately over the tank, "There is a piece of wire;" but this intimation does not appear to have been passed aft. Subsequently a wire was found in the tank, projecting out of the cable in one of the flakes being then paid out, and evidently that in which the fault was supposed to exist. It was brought by the foreman to Mr. Canning for examination. It was about three inches in length; and, when it was broken off, which it was very easily, it appeared to be of ill-tempered steel. Here, then, was a fair reason for arriving at the conclusion that

the recent fault may have arisen from accident, and not from design; but there was the singular fact staring us in the face that, whether by accident or whether by design, the "fault" was discovered overboard during the same watch. Mr. de Santy reported to Mr. Canning that the fault was of such a kind as could not be well passed over; and so the pick-up apparatus was put into requisition again—previously to which, tests were applied to the cable in the tank, and it was pronounced all right.

Another experiment showed the fault to be overboard about six miles. The chief engineer set his men to work, and, with much more smartness than they showed upon the former fault being found, the cable was passed from the stern and hauled in over the bow of the ship. This was at 10.30 a.m. We were then in about 2,000 fathoms soundings. The engine being set going, the rope passed over the drum very slowly, only one mile being hauled in after the expiration of an hour and forty-five minutes. Just at this time the eccentric gear of the engine got adrift, and in addition to this mishap steam failed, owing to a want of a supply of water to the boilers; and so the picking-up ceased altogether. Eight bells (12 o'clock) had been made some time, and we had all gone down to lunch. There we were discussing the locality of the fault, and it was a great consolation to find that the electricians agreed that it lay only about six miles overboard. Two miles had already been got in, and so we looked forward to a few more hours' work to get in the rest, make the splice, and again resume paying out. Suddenly Mr. Canning rushed into the saloon, and, with an expression on his face which told how deeply he was moved, exclaimed, "It is all over; the cable has parted!" Mr. Cyrus Field also came down, and with admirable composure and fortitude conveyed to us the sad intelligence. We were all on deck in a moment, and I shall never forget the scene as long as I live. The men who were engaged in the bows of the ship had wandered listlessly aft after the accident, and in their sad countenances you at once saw the

effect which the disaster had on their minds. A deep silence prevailed. The ship was drifting away over the course of the cable. The Atlantic was as calm and as placid as a lake, its very stillness adding to the melancholy which pervaded all. Groups stood about in various positions on the vast deck of the great ship, condoling with each other on the great misfortune which had occurred. "I have put into the enterprise my all," said one to me; "but with God's blessing, I shall live to see the Atlantic cable laid. In spite of what has occurred, I am more than ever satisfied of the practicability of laying it." "Let us not despair," said Cyrus Field. "I have seen worse disasters than this in Atlantic telegraphy, and I know we must eventually succeed." From one no less sincere, with whom I conversed shortly after Mr. Field had thus expressed himself, I heard a quiet remark which struck me forcibly. "I have but a small stake in this undertaking," said he, "as compared with others; but I am more than ever satisfied that the cable can be successfully laid, and there are men in England who will not fail to give us the means to do so when they know the truth."

But there is Mr. Canning hurrying along to the bow of the ship: he has never for a moment lost his self-possession. He soon returns midships and is accompanied by Mr. Clifford, his able assistant, and a staff of workmen. A brief consultation is held. He mounts the bridge and confers with Captain Anderson, and soon we learn what they resolve to do—to grapple for the cable! What, at 2500 fathoms deep? Such a thing has never been heard of before. Cables have been grappled for in the shallow waters in the Mediterranean and elsewhere at from 400 to 600 fathoms; but at 2500 fathoms it is simply absurd! The experienced chief, however, had issued his orders, and immediate preparations were made to grapple. Then it was that the functions of the navigator were called into active request; for what use would there be in attempting to hook up the cable unless we knew

the line in which it lay? Captain Anderson and Staff Commander Moriarty immediately conferred, and it was determined that the ship should be steamed in an easterly direction, and to windward, and drift down with the grapnel across the track in which the cable was lying.

But I ought to go back a little before I describe the grapnel operations, and dwell on the circumstances connected with the parting of the cable. Those who visited the ship before she left the Nore will recollect a large V-wheel at the bow, similar in construction to that over which the cable is paid out a-stern. This wheel, overhanging the bow, is supported on wrought iron girders. On each side of it are smaller V-wheels moving on the same axis. Over the larger V-wheel the rope was passed leading aft to a large drum on which it was coiled and kept in position by a knife, precisely in the same manner as in the paying-out machinery, which I have already described. The cable, with the wire rope by which it was brought from the stern to the bow, was coming in the groove of the larger V-wheel. The cable going to the drum, the wire-rope to the capstan, the strain was very great; the cable being out at an angle in the sea at the starboard bow, to which side it was hauled over, after having received some chafing from one of the ship's hawse-holes over which it passed, having previously been under the *Great Eastern's* forefoot. The wind had shifted, and Captain Anderson found it almost impossible to keep the ship's head so as to give a chance to the cable to keep up and down. Up, however, came the cable, and the wire-rope over the wheel, together; and those engaged in directing its movements saw that it had been considerably damaged, and were congratulating themselves that the injured part was on board, when suddenly a jerk was given to the dynamometer, which indicated a strain of something like sixty cwt. Away the cable, wire-rope, and chain-shackling flew off the larger V-wheel on to one of the smaller V-wheels; and, just as it passed the in-

strument which had measured the severe test to which it had been subjected, snapped with a booming sound, and dashed into the sea, leaving a curl of eccentric foam after it. I have already very faintly attempted to describe the sensation produced on board our ship by this sad and untoward event, lacking words to convey the dismay which it occasioned. It was indeed a day of mourning. But there was a quiet settled purpose and determination upon the face of Mr. Canning which showed that he would leave nothing undone; and, as I have already told you, he resolved, with thorough English pluck, to sweep the track in which the cable lay in the hope of bringing it up from a depth exceeding two nautical miles.

The observations at noon place the ship in lat. $51^{\circ} 25'$, long. $39^{\circ} 6'$, course $765^{\circ} S$, $25^{\circ} W$. We had run 1,062 miles from Valentia, were just 606 from Heart's Content, and had paid out since yesterday 116.4 miles of cable. Nothing could be more beautiful than the weather or more favourable for carrying out what appeared to all a forlorn hope. However, the grapnel—a sort of anchor weighing about three cwt., with five very strong flukes in it—was soon brought up from the stores, and bent on to the wire rope, of which we had a supply of five miles on board. We steamed away some fourteen miles from the place where the cable parted, and in the smoothest of water. The *Terrible*, to whom we signalled the disaster, was quite close to us at the time. The grapnel was let go at 3.20 ship's time on its deep-sea-fishing errand. The small engine was set going, and its wheels and drums revolved at a terrific pace as the wire rope went down, buckets of water being constantly thrown on them to keep them cool. Yet hissing clouds of steam arose.

Down, down went the rope, and one began to realize at every turn of the drum asking for fresh supply, what a grandeur there is in the depth of this mighty ocean. At 5 p.m. intimation was given that the strain was becoming gradually less; and, in a few minutes more, the grapnel had arrived below in

just 2,500 fathoms, having occupied, with the intervals of stopping the machinery, over two hours in its wondrous journey to the caverns of the deep. From 5 until quite dark the cablemen, as well as the ship's crew, were actively engaged in getting one of the huge buoys over the port bow with the aid of the shears. When it hung over the side, all had been then done for the day that was deemed necessary; and the *Great Eastern*, broadside on to the track of the cable, trawled the grapnel over the ground in search of a prize worth, with all its belongings, not less than a million sterling. We had a mournful party in the grand saloon at night; and one by one dropped away from the table to the privacy of his cabin, to reflect on the events of a day ever memorable in the annals of ocean telegraphy.

Thursday, August 3d.—Broadside on to the line in which the cable lay, the *Great Eastern* tugged the grapnel during the night. There were indications now and then, towards break of day, that it had hold of something, and one bite which was given induced the fishermen to haul up and see what had been caught. About $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7 (Greenwich time) the pick-up engine was put in motion, and, to aid its feeble efforts, the rope was passed round the capstan close by. It came up kindly at first, and by 8 o'clock A.M. three hundred fathoms were on board. The dynamometer, which had been registering as high a strain as 70 cwt., suddenly indicated an increase to 75 cwt., and it was clear to every one that the flukes of the grapnel had laid hold of something. Even the most sceptical admitted that, if it was anything, it must be the cable. About 8 o'clock one of the wheels of the picking-up gear began to complain; and very shortly afterwards it broke. This disaster threw a very dangerous sort of work on the cable-staff in hauling in the rope, which sprung occasionally with such force as to imperil the lives of those who were near it. As it was, two men received rather serious injuries, and were taken to hospital to receive the tender and efficient care of our excellent Doctor

Ward. It now became very thick and hazy. The engine worked on, and our spirits rose as each fathom of the rope coiled over the drum. But, alas! all of a sudden, with one bound, the rope, springing into the air with a ringing noise, left the rapidly revolving drum; and, before it could be stopped with the hempen stops which men were preparing to roll round it near the wheel at the bow, it slipped away from them and darted down to the mysterious Atlantic waters again.

Another blow to our hopes! But still we reasoned upon what had occurred, and the probability of grappling the prize did not seem so distant as it was yesterday. To persevere while we had a foot of the buoy rope left was the resolve which those in command at once arrived at; and it was agreed to get to westward of where the grapnel and cable lay, and drift across its line again. The wind, hitherto favourable for this operation, now somewhat changed, and there was a very thick fog. At 1.30 P.M. (ship's time), and just before we started, we fired guns and blew the steam-whistle, to let the *Terrible* know we had moved; and it was some time before we heard one of her 100-pounders boom a reply. We soon steamed the fifteen miles—the distance Captain Anderson determined upon; and we lay to during the night, the weather being very fine, and the sea as smooth as glass.

Friday, August 4th.—There is very little to record to-day. We were drifting still away, to get at the desired place—to reach which was rendered more difficult by the fact of our not being able to get observations. An attempt to sound was made and became fruitless, so far as learning the nature of the bottom was concerned, by the line having broken. It was said that the lead touched the bottom at 2,300 fathoms. Early in the morning, the *Terrible* appeared to leeward of us quite close, and her first lieutenant, Mr. Prowse, came on board to ascertain what we proposed to do. He saw preparations made for lowering one of the smaller buoys—which was placed on a raft composed of planks and

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casks, so as to keep it as nearly as possible in an upright position. The observations were not very good, owing to a bad horizon, and placed the ship in lat. $51^{\circ} 34' 30''$, long. $27^{\circ} 54''$. Shortly before 10 P.M. (Greenwich time) we had reached a position calculated to be as nearly as possible where we parted with the grapnel. The buoy was hove overboard, and floated on the sea, but not as high as could have been wished. On the top was a flagstaff bearing a red and white flag, and in large letters on the red painted surface of the buoy itself were printed the words "Atlantic Telegraph." It is in lat. $51^{\circ} 28'$, long. $38^{\circ} 42' 40''$. Again we steamed away, intending, if the wind favoured us, to let the ship drift across the line of the cable the first thing in the morning.

Saturday, August 5th.—Drifting, drifting again all night. In the morning we had very hazy and foggy sky, but smooth water. Towards noon we saw our companion, the *Terrible*, the curtain of fog having lifted just to make her visible. She signalled to us at 2-30, giving us the bearings of the buoy at three miles distant, which we came up to at 3-45. We asked her to remain by it during the night. Course N.W. by N. for six miles, and then, if the wind suited, to drift down and try our grapnel.

Sunday, August 6th.—Thick weather still. We saw the *Terrible* very early, but afterwards lost sight of her, the fog increasing in thickness. Divine service was performed in the dining saloon by Captain Anderson. No observations. It was said that we must have the buoy on our north-west some fifteen or sixteen miles. Fog increasing, fog horns and steam whistles went during the night.

Monday, August 7th.—The weather continued "dirty" all night. We made out the *Terrible* shortly after the day broke, and informed her, in answer to her question, that we were about to grapple for the cable. We also gave her our lat. and long. About half-past 8 we came up with the buoy, then steamed N.W. for twelve miles. At 11.10, being then

1.47 by Greenwich, the grapnel went over for the second time. It was much quicker in its voyage to the bottom than on the former occasion. At 12.5 we concluded that it reached the ground, the dynamometer showing a great diminution of strain. The northerly wind we wished for blew steadily all day, and we drifted on the course of the cable with every possible favourable circumstance. Shortly after six the dynamometer marked 48 cwt. and the head of the Big Ship answered slightly to the strain and came up to the wind. Still the grapnel asked her to do more, and by-and-by she replied by altering her head from E. and by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ south to E. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. Even the sailors, hitherto unbelievers in the success of the deep-sea fishing we were engaged in, admitted that we must have caught hold of the prize now, and joined the cable-crew in hope that we might yet have it on board. All went on well until 8.10 P.M., when the machinery again showed its utter inadequacy. The chief engineer called on the capstan to aid it, and 150 fathoms an hour came up steadily, and, to all appearances, with a better chance of ultimate success than had yet presented itself. We told the *Terrible* that we were "going on hopefully."

Tuesday, August 8th.—All night the greatest care was devoted to watching the strain on the cable, and Captain Anderson never left the bows of the ship, conning her course, signalling to "stop," "ease," and "reverse" the engines, according to the angle and position which the rope—now coming in smoothly over the wheel and round the capstan—made to the ship. About 5.30 A.M. the dynamometer went up as high as 87 cwt., indicating a fair amount of probability that the grapnel with the cable had left the bottom. In a couple of hours afterwards the one mile mark on the rope hauled in showed what good ground of hope there was for getting the rest on board, and it was felt that, if we succeeded in doing so, we should have accomplished a feat unparalleled in ocean telegraph-laying. In fact, the landing of the line in Trinity Bay was felt to be

secondary in point of interest. No one entertained a doubt as to the practicability of the one; but to bring up a cable from a depth of over two miles was to overcome difficulties scarcely to be estimated.

Our hopes are again destroyed. At 17 minutes to 8 A.M. away went the cable again. A shackle had passed in apparent safety over the V wheel at the bow, thence to the drum, and so on to the capstan, where, after three turns had been taken, the swivel came out, and, with a force which those who saw it can never forget, whizzed into the air like a ship's rocket, and, after lashing its tail with fury, dived down under the frowning bows of the ship. We came to the breakfast-table almost broken-hearted; and Captain Anderson, Mr. Gooch, and Mr. Canning intimated that we should soon know the decision as to what course should be pursued.

The indomitable Canning, it was understood, had urged another "try;" and, as enough rope was on board of the five miles, to enable him to try the experiment, it was resolved to look once more for the cable. Lieutenant Prowse, of the *Terrible*, had by this time come on board, and learned what we intended to do. He told us that on the Sunday they came up with the first buoy we threw in, and close alongside of it a small schooner called the *First Fruits*, of Bridport, out twenty days from Cardiff, and bound to Harbour Grace. The captain of the *Terrible* sent Lieutenant Prowse on board of the little vessel, and learned from her captain that he had seen the buoy, and, on making out what it was, had determined to remain near it for a while, in the hope of being enabled to give information to any ship in the telegraph expedition which happened to be near. He expressed the greatest sorrow on learning that the cable had parted. We all hope that the conduct of this warm-hearted and excellent sailor, whose name we did not learn, may be rewarded by those who have it in their power to do so.

At 9.50 another buoy was hove overboard, of the same size as the former

one, painted red, with the word "Telegraph." On the top of the flag-staff there was a canvass-ball painted black, and the flag itself was red, white, and red, horizontal. The Buoy is in lat. $51^{\circ} 25' 30''$, lon. $38^{\circ} 56'$. Mr. Canning and Mr. Gooch now conferred with respect to the coming attempt to get at the cable; and it was resolved to trust to the capstan, which has not only shown what it can do, with the engine to which it has been attached, in getting up the huge anchors of the *Great Eastern*, but has proved itself an excellent auxiliary to the machinery which was too credulously supposed to be able to do the work of picking up. Round the capstan a casing of wood is to be placed, so as to increase its diameter for the coiling of the rope. The dynamometer and its two wheels are to be shifted nearer the capstan; and it is believed that the strain will be by these means made more even, and that sudden jerks can be more readily controlled. The swivels, too, will all be taken out, and either new ones made at one of the forges on deck (for we have two) or the old ones strengthened. All this work will take over forty-eight hours to get through.

Up to 5 P.M. we kept company with the *Terrible*, but the wind was freshening every moment to what Captain Anderson called a summer gale. We steered W.N.W. up to midnight, and congratulated ourselves that the increasing sea had so little effect on our great ship.

Wednesday, August 9th.—We had a gentle intimation last night that the *Great Eastern* could be induced to roll like other ships if she only had a chance. There was a heavy beam sea on. It rained in the early part of the morning; but afterwards the weather cleared, and by noon the wind changed from N.W. to N.N.E., and we went along in search of Buoy No. 2 at half-speed screw and paddle, with a heavy following sea, the result of last night's wind. Our navigators have an idea that they ought not to err more than a quarter of a mile or so in any of their "placings," and we were told to look out for Buoy No. 3 on

the port beam. The *Terrible* was in sight right ahead on our starboard bow, and we thought she was close to it. She came down on us, and signalled that she had not seen the Buoy. She told us that the Buoy bore S.S.E. of her. We steered S. by E. half E., and at 4.40 p.m. were abreast of it. Just as we made it from the bridge the *Terrible* signalled that she also had seen it. Thus, Captain Anderson and Staff-Commander Moriarty were right to a nicety in their calculations—a special chart of the tracks in searching for the Buoys has been drawn by Staff-Commander Moriarty, and will be lithographed on board.¹ Buoy No. 1 is distant as nearly as possible 9 miles from the second Buoy we placed; and between where the cable parted and the first Buoy is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Our lat. to-day was $51^{\circ} 19' W.$; our lon. $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ} 6'$. The fore part of the deck is alive with artificers of all kinds. The capstan is nearly cased with wood nine inches thick, and is ready to receive its iron-clad covering, which will be finished before daylight. The night was perfectly calm; and, as the sparks flew aloft from the seething iron, hammered by the brawny Vulcans, we were all impressed with the picturesqueness of the scene—a picture that Rembrandt would have painted.

Thursday, August 10th.—A calm night. Towards 3 a.m. a slight breeze. The ship was taken by a current to the eastward some 6 or 7 miles between 9 p.m. last night and 4 this morning. Shortly before this we made out Buoy No. 1, and then steered away for Buoy No. 2. As on former occasions, we bore away to get the ship broadside on and drift on over the cable, steering N.W. The grapnel left the bows at 10.30 a.m. Greenwich time with 2,460 fathoms of wire rope and cable attached, and found bottom at 11.18 a.m. We then set the fore and aft sail and also our topsails to assist our drifting. Strain varying from 40 to 45 cwt. still drifting. At 1 p.m. strain on the index of the dynamometer 60 cwt. beyond which point

it did not show any inclination to go; and Mr. Canning and Captain Anderson arrived at the conclusion that we had moved the cable this time. Orders were then given to haul the grapnel in, and the machinery was set in motion. By 11.30 over 1,400 fathoms had been got in, the capstan working very satisfactorily.

Friday, August 11th.—At 5.20 a.m., the whole staff having remained faithful to their respective posts during the night, the grapnel made its appearance under the V wheel at the bow. We were dismayed to find that the chain which fastened the shank had taken an ugly half hitch round one of the flukes, so that it was impossible to hook the cable effectually. Captain Anderson said that he was pretty sure we had caught hold of it at one o'clock yesterday; but the discovery which was now made showed that, even if he had, the grapnel never could have got a proper hold. It was calculated from the length of the rope covered with ooze, that we were in 1,950 fathoms, though we sent down 2,460. There was a great desire among all on board to get some of the stuff from the bottom which adhered to the grapnel and the rope; and all of us collected specimens. Dr. Ward showed me some small shells, which were examined in a microscope. Sir Roderick Murchison will have an opportunity of seeing the ooze, as a bottle of it will be sent to the Geographical Society.

"What! Another trial, Mr. Canning?" "Yes," said he, "as long as I have enough rope—but I fear it has been sadly tried in the last work it had to do." Such were the chief engineer's conclusions, and his staff were set at once to work to patch it up. On examination it was found that the strands had been unlaid; so it was resolved that the defective pieces should be replaced. When complete, it was made up of 1,600 fathoms of wire rope, 220 fathoms of hemp rope, and 510 fathoms of Manilla. A new grapnel was bent on. At 7.25 a.m. we were abreast of Buoy No. 2, and at 11.30 we signalled our

¹ A fac-simile of this Chart, as well as one showing the track of the *Great Eastern*, accompanies this article.

companion, the *Terrible*, "We are going to make a final effort," and "We are sorry you have had such uncomfortable waiting."

When the ship's head was W. by S. and the buoy bore E. by N. about two miles, the grapnel was let go. This was at 1:56 Greenwich time. We again set the canvas on the ship to regulate our drift. At 3:50 p.m. ship's time strain was marked to be 60 cwt. and the cable came in with the utmost ease and regularity round the capstan. The strain now became greater, the dynamometer indicating 80 cwt., and shortly afterwards, in a jerk which the shackle made in coming in, it marked 105 cwt. There was only one opinion now on board as to our having the cable on the grapnel, and at no period of the trying time which we had gone through was there more real hope; for, though men openly said, "We dare not hope," yet there was confidence inspired in us from Mr. Canning's and Captain Anderson's manner, which made us, spite of all, believe that we should pick up the cable. We all sat down to dinner in better spirits than we had been in for some days.

About a quarter to 7 I strolled up to the bows, and stood at the barrier, separating the capstan and machinery from the fore part of the deck, put there in order to leave the cable men ample space to work, and to prevent them being interfered with. The capstan was bringing in the manilla rope very steadily, which was being passed aft by the cable crew for coiling. A dozen or more hands were on the elevated grating on deck, at the bow, watching the progress of the rope after it had come over the V wheel, and standing by with hempen stops to stop its progress on getting the signal. Captain Anderson stood at the port side of the bow, watching the strain of the rope, and occasionally speaking through the tube which leads aft to the bridge, and giving instructions to "stop her," "reverse," or "go on," as occasion might demand. All of a sudden a whistling noise was heard, and all was over! The rope broke like a carrot, and

dived into the Atlantic to join the mute cable which lay below.

Now then for home! What more could be done? Thought, zeal, energy, labour, had all been honestly and faithfully applied; every available resource at the Engineer's command had been used to recover the cable; but, these having failed, there was only one course to pursue. After a short conference with Mr. Gooch and Mr. Canning, Captain Anderson gave the necessary instructions to prepare for our return. Lieutenant Prowse, of the *Terrible*, had come on board as soon as we signalled our failure, and informed us that the frigate would at once proceed to St. John's, and would take dispatches for us. She came up quite close to our stern. Her captain, becoming impatient at the delay of the pinnace—the sea beginning to rise rapidly with the increasing wind—fired a recall gun; and soon afterwards Mr. Prowse put off from the ship, lighting a blue light in the boat to show the *Terrible* where he was. He soon got on board, and Colomb's signal-lights, which have been used in both ships during the expedition, flashed the word "Farewell" from the frigate, to which we replied, "Good-bye, thank you." Captain Anderson then said, "Full speed, and keep her head east," and the *Great Eastern* pointed her obedient bow towards England.

The Fastnet Lighthouse, off Crookhaven, was made early on Thursday, the 17th of August, and despatches were sent ashore by a small steamer. The following statement, having been unanimously agreed to on board, was telegraphed to London. It is a summary of the facts connected with the discovery of the faults and of the parting of the cable; and it is impossible for any one who, like myself, witnessed the events of this memorable expedition to disagree with the conclusion at which the practical men have arrived.

"ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION,
"Great Eastern, August 16th, 1865.

"The *Great Eastern* sailed from Valencia, after making the splice with the shore-end, on

23d July, and continued on her voyage to Lat. 51° 25', Long. 39° 6', being 1063 miles from Valentia and 600 miles from Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, having paid out 1,212 miles of cable, when the cable parted on the 2d August, at 12.35 P.M. in soundings 3,900 yds. under the following circumstances:—

"A partial loss of insulation having been discovered, the ship was stopped to recover that portion of the cable in which the fault lay—electrical tests placing it probably within 6 miles. The cable was passed from the stern to the bow of the ship for this purpose; and, after getting in two miles of cable, the fault being still overboard, the cable broke about 10 yds. inboard of the wheel at the bow, having been injured by chafing on the stern of the ship.

"Two previous faults had been discovered—the first in soundings of about 1,000 yds. and the second in about 4,100 yds.—and had been successfully recovered and made good. In the first case 10 miles, and in the second 2½ miles of cable, were hauled in.

"After the cable parted, a grapnel with 2½ nautical miles of rope was lowered down, the ship being so placed as to drift over the line of cable. The cable was hooked on the 3d; and, when 2,200 yds. of the rope had been hauled in, a swivel in the latter gave way, and 2,800 yds. of rope were lost—the cable having been lifted 1,200 yds. from the bottom.

"On the 4th a buoy with flag and ball was moored with 5,000 yds. of rope to mark the place. It is in lat. 51° 25', long. 38° 42' 30'.

"From the 4th, fogs and adverse winds prevented a further attempt until the 7th, which was then made nearer the end of the cable, and was unsuccessful from the same cause when the cable had been lifted about 1,000 yds. Another buoy was then placed in lat. 51° 28' 30', long. 38° 56'.

"A third attempt was made on the 10th, which failed on account of the grapnel chain having fouled the flukes of the grapnel. The grapnel and last 800 yds. of rope came up covered with ooze.

"A fourth attempt was made on the 11th, at 3 P.M., which also failed through the breaking of the grapnel rope when the cable had been raised 600 yds. from the bottom. Having now exhausted the stock of rope, it became absolutely necessary to proceed to England for more and stronger tackle."

Practical conclusions unanimously arrived at by those engaged in various capacities in the expedition.

"1st. That the steam-ship *Great Eastern*, from her size and consequent steadiness, together with the better control obtained over her by having both the paddles and screw, render it possible and safe to lay an Atlantic Telegraph in any weather.

"2d. That the paying-out machinery, constructed for the purpose by Messrs. Canning and Clifford, worked perfectly, and can be confidently relied on.

"3d. That the insulation of the gutta-percha-covered conductor improved when submerged to more than double what it had been before starting, and has proved itself to be the best insulated cable ever manufactured, and many times higher than the standard required by the contract. The cause of the two faults which were recovered was, in each case, a perforation of the gutta percha through to the copper conductor, by a piece of iron wire found sticking in the cable. Electrically the third fault was analogous to the first. The difficulty may be provided against in future.

"4th. That nothing has occurred to create the least doubt in the minds of all those engaged in the expedition of the practicability of successfully laying and working an Atlantic Telegraph cable; but, on the contrary, their confidence has been largely increased by the experience obtained on this voyage.

"5th. That, the *Great Eastern* steam-ship supplied with sufficiently strong tackle and hauling in machinery for depths of 4,000 to 5,000 yds., there is little or no doubt of the possibility of recovering the lost end of the cable, and completing the line already about two-thirds laid.

"S. CANNING, Chief Engineer.

"JAMES ANDERSON, Comdr.

"DANL. GOOCH, Chairman of the Gt.

"Ship Co. and Director of the Telegraph C. & M. Co.

"HENRY CLIFFORD, Engineer, T. C. & M. Co.

"CROMWELL F. VARLEY, Electrician of

"the Electric & International Tel. Co. and Atlantic Tel. Co.

"WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D. F.R.S.

"Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

"C. V. DE SANTY, Chief Electrician, Telegraph Constn. Compy.

"HENRY A. MORIARTY, Staff Commander, R.N."

The expedition of 1865 has proved, not only the practicability of laying a cable, but a fact of very great importance to all interested in ocean telegraphy—namely, that it can be picked up from a depth of two nautical miles. Already there has been expended, up to the present moment, in Atlantic Telegraph expeditions, a sum not less than 1,162,820*l.* of which, in round numbers, England has contributed the million, and America has found the rest. The present cable, which cost 700,000*l.* has been two-thirds laid, and that it can be recovered and taken to its destination in Heart's Content, is the conclusion at which the practical men engaged in the expedition have arrived. But

this is not all that is required. Another cable should be constructed at once; but whether the external protector of the conductor and insulator is to be of a different kind will have yet to be determined. Beyond all doubt the protector¹ was pierced through, and the core was wounded; but still the cable has so many other admirable qualities, particularly in its flexibility for paying out, and its general strength, that those interested may hesitate before they abandon the form which has been approved

¹ *Conductor*—Copper strand consisting of 7 wires (6 laid round one), and weighing 300 lbs. per nautical mile, embedded for solidity in Chatterton's Compound. Gauge of single wire .048 = ordinary 18 gauge. Gauge of strand .144 = ordinary No. 10 gauge.

Insulation—Gutta percha, 4 layers of which are laid on alternately with four thin layers of Chatterton's Compound. The weight of the entire insulation 400 lbs. per nautical mile. Diameter of core .404, circumference of core 1.392.

External protection—Ten solid wires of the gauge .095 No. 13 gauge, drawn from Webster and Horsfall's Homogeneous Iron, each wire surrounded separately with five strands of Manila yarn, saturated with a preservative compound, and the whole laid spirally round the core, which latter is padded with ordinary hemp, saturated with preservative mixture.

Weight in air 35 cwt. 3 qrs. per nautical mile.

Weight in water 14 cwt. per nautical mile, or equal to eleven times its weight in water per knot; that is to say, it will bear its own weight in eleven miles depth of water.

Breaking strain 7 tons 15 cwt.

Deepest water to be encountered 2,400 fathoms, or less than 2½ nautical miles in depth.

The contract strain is equal to eleven times its weight per nautical mile in water.

of by the scientific committee.² Possibly it may be thought desirable to strand the solid wires and thus give additional protection.

Captain Anderson is of opinion—and no one is more competent now than he is to form a correct one—that the *Great Eastern* is the ship of all others best calculated to pick up the cable. By the early part of the month of May, next year, proper and efficient machinery and gear could be got ready; a new cable could be manufactured by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, and the *Great Eastern*, having laid it at Heart's Content, could then return to the spot where the cable of 1865 parted, raise it and bring it to the American terminus. By these means the lines (if the expedition be successful) will be brought into commercial operation.

Englishmen, at all events, are not accustomed to be beaten in any enterprise they take up, and nothing has occurred in the Atlantic Telegraph expedition of 1865 to create doubt as to ultimate success.

² Captain Douglas Galton, R.E., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., F.R.S., William Fairbairn, Esq., C.E. F.R.S., Charles Wheatstone, Esq., F.R.S., William Thomson, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., and Joseph Whitworth, Esq., C.E., F.R.S.—who formed the Scientific Committee, appointed by the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to examine all specimens and tenders submitted to the Company—*unanimously* recommended that Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co.'s specimen be adopted, and that their tender for making and laying the cable be accepted.